HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, U.S.A., THE HERO OF FORT DONELSON.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 151.]

OUR VICTORY.

RING out, O bells! a joyous peal!
Wave, Freedom's flag, o'er land and sea!
Above the graves of Freedom's slain
Let living voices shout again
In honor of our victory!

'Tis but a little while ago,
Since, looking on our list of dead,
We marveled Justice should delay:
Thank God! at last has dawned her day,
The sky is in a blaze of red!

Deep, fiery clouds surround the sun,
Thrice welcome now the storm shall be;
'Twill purify our atmosphere,
Once more the pathway shall be clear
Where walk the sons of liberty.

Ours is no haughty tyrant's glee,
To chain our brothers at our feet;
Over no nation's wrongs we vaunt,
Columbia saved is all we want;
For her sake is our triumph sweet.

Then ring, O bells! a joyous peal!
Wave, Freedom's flag, o'er land and sea!
Above the graves of Freedom's slain
Let living voices shout again
In honor of our victory!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

THE REBEL INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

ON Saturday, February 22, while the Congress, Judges, and naval and military officers of the United States were assembled in the Capitol, listening to the Farewell Address of Washington, the miserable remnant of the Southern rebels were gathered in the principal square of Richmond, Virginia, listening to Mr. Jefferson Davis's last apology for his crimes.

Toward that square and to that speaker one can well imagine the ruined, heart-broken, panic-stricken, and despairing people of the South turning an eager ear, in search of consolation for the past and hope for the future.

Jefferson Davis gave them neither.

Beginning with a false statement of the causes which led to the rebellion, wholly omitting from view the chief cause, namely, the greed of the slave-owners, and the truculent ambition of the Southern aristocracy; failing likewise, for the best of reasons, to assign one single cause, or enumerate one single event which could justify the plunging of a continent into savage war; misrepresenting the history of the contest with diabolical perversity; confessing, as he could not well help doing, that "the tide of war is against" the rebels, and that the future is pregnant with more "trials and difficulties," this pretended President can find no consolation for the unhappy people whom he and his fellow-conspirators have ruined, except in the hope that the North may not be able to pay its armies much longer, and that eventually the Powers of Europe may be tempted by the proffer of Southern produce and Southern free trade to espouse the cause of the insurgents, and convert the "proud people" of the South into the bastard subjects of some foreign king!

Well may the South pronounce such a programme "a mockery," and such a government "a lamentable failure!"

There must have been many even among the ragged rabble of Richmond gathered round the orator who knew enough to tell him that if the South, in its poverty, can afford to carry on the war, the North, with its wealth, is not likely to fail from want of money; and that if, when the North was helpless and paralyzed, and the South flushed with victory, foreign nations abstained from meddling in the contest, they are not likely to do so now, when the gripe of a mighty government is clutched round the throat of the traitors, and their gurgling death-rattle is already audible.

There was an ominous fitness in the appearance, during the reading of "the inaugural," of that grim messenger who bore the news of the FALL OF NASHVILLE—Nashville, the prosperous city of the rebellion—Nashville, the safe place to which the trembling traitors proposed to fly from Richmond when that city was deemed insecure—Nashville, the centre of the vertebral artery of the rebellion. Did it not occur to Jefferson Davis that so appalling an event happening at such a moment was a warning and a judgment from that just God whose name this arch-rebel so audaciously blasphemes?

OUR GENERALS.

SOME of the leading journals are rendering a very doubtful service to the country by promoting a feeling of mutual jealousy among our generals, and instilling into the public mind distrust of the most distinguished among them. Two prominent newspapers in this city indulge in daily flings at General M'Clellan. Another is very sarcastic upon General Buell. Others have no patience with General Sherman. Others are furious with General Lane. General Halleck has survived the storm of abuse aroused by his famous Order No. 3, and enjoys a temporary respite from newspaper criticism.

Every one who has read history must at once perceive that this sort of thing can hardly fail to do mischief, and can not possibly do any good. Soldiers are naturally apt to be jealous of each other; and in this country especially, where every leading man may fairly be suspected of having his eye upon the Presidency, the danger that our chief generals may be as anxious to kill each other off as to defeat the enemy is obvious enough. Under the circumstances, it is clearly the duty of every honest and patriotic publicist to check rather than encourage envious rivalry among them. If the friends of General Frémont succeed in shaking the confidence of the army in General M'Clellan, they are much more likely to ruin the national cause than to help their patron. It is possible that General Sherman may be as incompetent as his newspaper critics say; but the reiterated publication of the fact can produce no other effect than to encourage the enemy under General Lee. General Buell may have failed in his duty in permitting the peaceful evacuation of Bowling Green. But he is intrusted with the command of the most important operation of the day, and it can not but dispirit his men, and give heart to his enemy, to publish him a fool.

Generals and politicians are only too prone, as we said, to disparage each other, and to suffer their personal spites to override their zeal for the public interest. People have read, not without regret, an order from General Halleck, in which General M'Clellan is quite needlessly excluded from any share of the glory resulting from the capture of Fort Donelson; and a letter from Secretary Stanton to the *Tribune*, making light of the plans formed by General M'Clellan when he assumed command of the army, which are now beginning to be carried out. Generals and Secretaries make a mistake if they suppose that this sort of thing injures the party against whom it is directed. The public see through it at once, and infer simply that General Halleck is envious, and that Secretary Stanton wants to be the hero of the war and President.

The American people have sense enough to understand that it is the interest of the President and the Cabinet to succeed in suppressing the rebellion as soon as possible; that their means of forming an opinion with regard to the generals are much superior to those enjoyed by the public or the newspapers; and that, whatever their wishes may be, they can not, for their own sake, afford to keep in responsible positions men who have proved themselves to be incompetent or untrustworthy.

Of General M'Clellan, against whom the bulk of these newspaper assaults are directed, the American people know nothing except that he has impressed every one who knows him—including President Lincoln and General Scott—with his capacity for the station he fills. He has said himself that he has done nothing yet to warrant the fame he enjoys. To hold him responsible for the slavering adulation which has been heaped upon him by ignorant flatterers is disgracefully unjust. And the least that can be said of the sneers and innuendoes which certain journals delight in printing in connection with his name is that Jefferson Davis could afford to pay handsomely for such effective endeavors to demoralize the army which M'Clellan will shortly lead to battle.

THE LOUNGER.

DAYBREAK.

IN his admirable amnesty proclamation the President assumes that the rebellion has culminated, and will henceforth steadily decline; and undoubtedly the general feeling is that the heart of the difficulty has been pierced, and that nothing now remains for it but to bleed to death. Nor can any reasonable man doubt that such is the fact. It is impossible, and will long be so, to determine exactly in what time the full result will be achieved; but the same force and skill which have prevailed in Kentucky and Tennessee, at Roanoke and Port Royal, must prevail at all other points.

Sir William Napier is reported to have said that a soldier is but a slave of chance. But there is undoubtedly a certain military science and exactly calculable laws of war. A much wiser speech was that attributed to Frederick the Great, that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. The rebel General Braxton Bragg repeated it substantially last spring as applied to our war, that the rebels would beat although the rebel section was numerically smaller, because their system of slavery would enable them to bring more fighting men into the field.

The plan of our campaign evidently contemplates the inevitable overwhelming of the rebellion by superior forces. The delay was equally inevitable, for those forces had to be collected and trained. The old figure of General Scott is recalled to the public memory by the result—that the traitors would be caught and crushed in the folds of the anaconda. The coiling has begun, and with it the end is visible. Victory is logically ours. We must organize it into peace.

But no man ought to be dismayed by one thing which is now equally inevitable; and that is the apparent postponement of certain great results which a few months since, in the dark hour of national peril, we all felt were virtually secured. It was supposed then, that to save the Government certain steps, called by Mr. Lincoln in his Message "extreme measures," would be necessary; but that necessity no longer appears. The war was, and is, waged solely for the maintenance of the Government. No other measures than those essential to that result have been or will be taken. And it is now evident that military force alone will suffice, without the full exercise of all military rights, such as general confiscation and the release of the slaves of rebels.

It must not be forgotten that for the last ten months we have been nationally lifted into the sphere of great principles. We have lived under the influence of pure emotions. But no nation can habitually hold to that height. We have been raised upon the tenth wave of a regenerating public sentiment, and it has made its prophetic mark. It has touched the point which the waters of national conviction will at last permanently and surely reach—and we must not be chagrined if the following waves are lower, knowing, as we now do, that the tide is rising.

The question of slavery will not be directly settled by the military power—and it remains to be seen whether some plan of territorial government, whereby every man upon our soil recovers his original rights as a man, will be adopted by Congress and accepted by the country.

If that also fails, those of us who are and have always been unswerving friends of the Government, because under the peaceful operations of the Constitution every question is soluble, have only to gird ourselves for the political debate which will follow the military, and in which all happy omens point to the calm and speedy triumph of Justice and of actual, not of nominal, Peace.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

To suppress a rebellion is not like settling a war with a foreign power. In the latter case, after a series of decisive blows, there is an appeal for negotiation, an armistice, a consultation, a treaty, and the withdrawal of troops. But in quelling a rebellion the way of victory is not necessarily that of peace. You may drive a riot out of the street—you may restore order—quiet may reign in Warsaw; but is quiet peace?

If we follow our success—if we drive the rebels from Nashville as we have from Bowling Green—if Columbus surrenders as Fort Donelson and Fort Henry have yielded—if Memphis, and Savannah, and New Orleans fall into our hands—if Richmond is evacuated by that ghostly Congress of traitors—if the lines of the rebellion recede before our lines—even then the work is not done.

We are said to hold Kentucky and even Tennessee and Missouri; but so we have held Maryland for several months. Is that a success—is that a secure and permanent peace? If our army should leave Maryland even now, who would feel sure of her position for a month? The secret of the loyalty of Baltimore is Fort M'Henry. No, no; when we have suppressed rebellion we are to organize peace. How is that to be done?

Of course it can be done only by destroying, if possible, the occasion of rebellion. The rule in statecraft is the same as in agriculture. You must not knock off the leaves of the weeds; you must dig up their roots. If this rebellion has a root, it is our business to find it and wrench it up.

Is, then, the root slavery, or the agitation of slavery? Of course it is one of the two. The whole energy of the country must therefore be directed first to discover which it is, then to destroy it. If the difficulty be the agitation, then suppress that if you can. If the slavery, then end that.

But what does the agitation spring from? Simply from our humanity, from the fact that we are men. So long as we are human, so long we shall protest against what seems to us to be wrong. To suppress that protest requires a despotism of the sternest kind. The effectual suppression of the agitation of the question could be accomplished only by the destruction of every principle of our Government and every right of man—in other words, only at the price of an endless and ferocious civil war.

But to put an end to slavery requires only thought, care, the preservation of every principle of the Government, and the vindication of every human right; and it results in permanent peace and an actual, not a nominal, Union of the people.

It is not even necessary to invoke the question of right or wrong. We have only to see that in the nature of things so long as slavery lasts so long the agitation will continue. If, then, you can not destroy that, and since the object is peace, why not destroy the other? So long as the right of free discussion lasts the question will be debated. So long as it is debated we shall be slipping into war, because slavery can have no effective argument but brute force. The way of peace, therefore, is inevitably the final settlement of the question.

It is not an occasion for losing temper, for calling names, and for questioning motives, but for the most resolute and effective action. We have seen and are seeing what comes of the question when left to itself. Is it not nearly time we took it in hand, or shall we wait until the difficulty settles itself and us into another war?

THE WISDOM OF WAITING.

THE great victories which appear to indicate the approaching triumph of the Government, also vindicate the sagacity of the General-in-Chief. For nearly seven months General M'Clellan has been waiting, directly and indirectly attacked for delay, for incompetency, and almost, by insinuation, for disaffection. He has been patiently maturing his plans. He had already said, upon receiving the sword from Philadelphia, that the war would be short and sharp. But he had his army to collect and discipline, he had to take care that every plan was made proof against failure, and when all was ready, the word was given and the advance began.

Unquestionably he has taken a purely military view of the question; but he is a military man, and his political views doubtless remain unchanged. His duty as a general-in-chief is to achieve victories. To secure the permanence of the result is the duty of statesmen.

Nor is it any injury to Foote, to Burnside, to Grant, to Goldsborough, to Buell, to Halleck, to all the brave and accomplished leaders of the actual movements, that General M'Clellan is credited with the plan of the campaign. To execute the plan is a duty of gallantry, skill, and heroism of which the glory is all theirs. In truth, in these early days of the victories all along our line, there is no point of it from the Chesapeake to Kansas that does not challenge our admiration; and one of the singular felicities of the war is that the great advance, crowned with entire success, was made both by the army and the navy, upon the sea-board and at the West; so that every part of the loyal section and each branch of the service divide the honors of the triumph. This was all happily expressed in the congratulatory order of the day addressed to the officers, and soldiers, and sailors at the West and at the East, signed by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army and the navy, and countersigned by the Secretaries of both Departments.

The result, thus far, in every way vindicates the wisdom of the long delay. Impatience is a national fault, and our cause has been imperiled by it. It was desirable for all reasons that our success should not be too sudden or too easy. Had we been victors at Bull Run, we should hardly have rightly estimated the strength and desperation of the rebellion. But we have learned, and learned well, the lesson of defeat; and the victories of Roanoke, of the Tennessee, and the Cumberland have altogether another significance than a victory at Bull Run could have had.

AN OLD FOE VANQUISHED.

THE year is vindicating not only the strength of our domestic Government, but the justice of our foreign system. Among our most signal victories let us not forget to remember that over Great Britain. For, without a blow struck by us, she has surrendered, and totally renounces her traditional and monstrous system of contempt of neutral rights.

In his final dispatch upon the *Trent* question Earl Russell writes to Lord Lyons: "Your own territory, or ships of your own country, are places of which you are yourself the master. The enemy's territory, or the enemy's ships, are places in which you have the right to exercise acts of hostility. Neutral vessels, guilty of no violation of the laws of neutrality, are places where you have no right to exercise acts of hostility."

Now if forcibly detaining a neutral ship and forcibly removing from her deck persons against whom nothing is alleged, but whom the captain of the compelling ship chooses to call subjects of the power he serves, is not an act of hostility, words have no meaning. Mr. Sumner, indeed, quotes the declaration of George Fourth, of January 9, 1818, that he can not admit such an act to be a hostile measure; but in the face of this last dispatch that declaration falls to the ground. No English statesman would claim that the captain of an English ship could seize in Broadway a person whom he asserted to be a British subject. It would be a most flagrant act of war. But by the terms of the dispatch he makes them equal. "Your own territory, or ships of your own country."

Fifty years ago Great Britain fought us for three years rather than concede this principle. Henceforth she must stand by her bond. The more she concedes to neutral rights the more we shall be satisfied. Mr. Marcy's theory is the only practicable one for the future. Neutral rights must be the same on water as on land. If a neutral is caught directly helping the enemy he does so at his peril. But constructive assistance must be abolished.

"THE DEGRADED MOB."

THE people of the United States, who were represented by Russell and by the London papers as a degraded mob who would force the Government to hold Mason and Slidell at any cost, have shown the essential quality of our system in nothing more than in the results of that affair.

We might have remembered, and yet it was generally forgotten, that the seventy years of our universal popular education would tell in just such an emergency as this. In reasoning upon the rebellion, in its relation to the people of the Free States, we have been naturally, but wrongly, in the habit of considering them as we should consider the people of England, or France, or Germany, forgetting the essential differences of our popular training, and the necessary differences of the results.

If in this country every body who has a right, and who is bound by his duty to take a practical part in public affairs, does not do it, yet there is a universal knowledge of them, and a general sense of responsibility. Hence a clear appeal to that general intelligence will not often fail, if the occasion be truly commanding. And it is this which confirms the faith of every thoughtful American in the practical wisdom of our system.

We have recently had two most signal instances of this flexibility arising from the general intelligence. The first was the surrender of the two traitors. Of course a person like Mr. Russell, who had seen only the working of monarchical or modified feudal systems of society, and who had the traditional prejudices of an Englishman, or, more properly, a Briton, against America, could not understand that a whole people would forego the gratification of their just indignation upon the simple presentation of a principle. It was not surprising that a man who had misunderstood every thing in the country from the moment he landed should prove an utterly false prophet.

For although the public feeling of satisfaction was almost greater at the capture of the men-stealing traitors than at any other event of the war which had then occurred, and although the thinly-masked enmity of Great Britain had alienated ev-

tirely the good feeling that existed in the country toward that Power, and although paper after paper was put forth by able and cautious men to show that England had always done the same thing, and therefore could not complain of our doing it—yet when the nation was reminded, what in its exultation and excitement it had forgotten, that it had a traditional policy founded in natural justice, and that it was bound in honor to abide by that policy, the whole nation willingly released its hold upon the traitors and let them go.

To say that it was only making the best of a bad situation, and that if one of our hands had not been tied we would have welcomed a war with England, is to say that Great Britain was right in 1812, to insult the memory of Perry, and to go backward fifty years from international equity. No, the people of this country know what their principle in the matter is—they know it is right, and they have character and intelligence enough as a people to do the right, when they are reminded of it, even in a moment of deep excitement. It was not the Government against the people, it was the Government quietly reminding the people of their own honor, and justly presuming their loyalty to it. Mr. Russell will not do justice to the fact, of course, for he has a theory to sustain and his own prescience to justify.

The other instance of the strength of our system is the order of the President releasing all political prisoners. It is no longer necessary to hold them, not because the rebellion is suppressed, but because the cause of the people is safe in their own hands. Public opinion can now deal with treasonable sympathy.

It is easy to see that the year which ends on May day will be the brightest in our annals.

PRO AND CON.

As the various party conventions of the States meet and pass resolutions, it would be well for them to avoid the part of Dogberry. The residents of glass-houses are warned by the proverb to be cautious. Democrats are not rebels, and Republicans are not secessionists. Let that be understood at the beginning; and then the Democratic Conventions will not virtually resolve that the Republicans are the authors of the war, nor will the Republican Conventions resolve that the Democrats are secret traitors.

The Democratic meetings lay peculiar stress upon the constitutional guarantees of the rights of States, and of the rights of property, and, in general, of all constitutional rights. They are very excellent things to lay stress upon. We are all fighting as hard as we can for that very Constitution. But why such remarkable zeal of talk, as if somebody or some party, except rebels, had ever called those rights in question?

There are two points of which Republican Conventions should beware: first, of supposing the rebellion to be a Democratic Party movement; and, second, of supposing Bright, Powell, Bayard, Vallandigham, and the Hon. B. Wood to be typical representatives of the Democratic Party.

And there are two points of which Democratic meetings should be equally careful: first, of covertly calling the rebellion a consequence of any unconstitutional Republican action; and second, of supposing that the Democratic party is exclusively national and constitutional. For the enlightened members will not forget that all those who are trying to ruin the nation and destroy the Constitution were politically known as Democrats.

The Democratic and Republican parties have each their theory of the Constitution. If either assumes to be its especial guardian, it will expose itself to great ridicule. Recrimination is as useless as it is endless. For instance, a Democrat taunts a Republican by saying—"If you had not made such a row about Slavery there would have been no rebellion." And the Republican replies—"If you had not openly supported by votes and money the faction which threatens to break up the Government, if it did not succeed, there would have been no rebellion."

When the war is over and the Government restored to its supremacy parties will instantly be formed. But they will be formed under the Constitution; and they will differ upon questions of its meaning and of the policy of administration, not of the existence of the Government itself.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HARD UP.

[SCENE—*Jeff Davis in his Counting-room, reading.*]

J. D. reads:

DAVIS & CO. IN ACCOUNT WITH LINCOLN & CO.

	Dr.
To prisoners, as per bills rendered	2,125
" prisoners at Roanoke	2,500
" prisoners at Fort Donelson	15,000
	19,625
	Cr.
By prisoners, as per bills rendered	2,760
Balance due E. E.	16,865

Above you have statement of account up to February 16. We will accept your notes for balance at 30 days, with adequate security. Otherwise we shall take legal measures for collection. LINCOLN & CO.
Per M'C.

P.S.—The Missouri account is not yet posted up. We think it will show a large balance in our favor, for which we shall demand immediate payment, or satisfactory security. L. & CO.

"SIMON (BUCKNER) SAYS."

SIMON SAYS, *Show your Hand.*—"NASHVILLE, *Tenn., Feb.* 10. A private dispatch says Fort Donelson is safe, and can not be taken."

SIMON SAYS, *Up.*—"NASHVILLE, *Feb.* 13. We have repulsed the enemy at every point, and driven off the gunboats. We have whipped them by land and water."

SIMON SAYS, *Wiggle-waggle.*—"FORT DONELSON, *Feb.* 13. In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to argue upon terms of capitulation of the forces at this post under my command. In that view I suggest an armistice until 12 o'clock to-day."

SIMON SAYS, *Down.*—"The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, to accept the *ungenerous* and *unchivalrous* terms which you propose."

The late storms which have prevailed hereabout, and caused such unprecedented delays on the different railroads, have given occasion to some good "sayings" on the part of the impatient but generally good-natured passengers. One of these, and not the worst, is the following, which is said to have occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, whose usual time of five hours from New York to Albany had, through the obstructions caused by the storm, been extended to nearly forty hours. A lady, accompanied by her son—a well-grown lad of about 12 or 14 years of age—was called upon by the conductor for her tickets, as they were approaching the terminus of the route, when she produced a full ticket for herself, and a half-ticket for the boy. Whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

CONDUCTOR. "Madam, is not that lad rather large to pass on a half-ticket?"

LADY. "He is large, I confess. I can see he has grown since we left New York."

The conductor passed. Those of the passengers who had the means smiled.

A SURE CURE FOR HYSTERICS.—Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant-girl. In his opinion, there is nothing like flying "around" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing-brush.

MARRIAGE PORTIONS.—At the wedding of the Count d'Artois the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart girl of sixteen, named Louise Noisin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover. "Oh," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city was to furnish every thing!" The answer created great mirth, and a husband was soon found for her.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if the Pope sent any of his bulls to the cattle-show?

In a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," etc., the word *courting* comes to a young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and held down her head. "Ellen, don't you know what courting agrees with?" "Ye-ye-yes, Sir." "Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?" Blushing still more, and stammering, Ellen at last says, "It—agrees with all the girls, Sir."

"How," said a county-court judge to a witness, "do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him, a few minutes after supper, trying to pull off his trowsers with a bootjack." Verdict for the defendant.

A Welsh editor says, "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat and say nothing about it."

"I have millions of money," said a dashing gent to a girl about to run away with him, "but you might as well scrape up all the jewels and spare change you have got."

"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the King of Terrors?" said a clergyman to an invalid. "Oh no!" was the reply; "I have been living six-and-thirty years with the Queen of Terrors: the King can not be much worse!"

"I know well enough," said a youngster, "where fresh fish come from; but where these salt ones are catched, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

Wordsworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a precious sight worse, though." "What is that?" "Why she washes me every morning."

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who is often a little absent, observed, gravely, "I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, February 18, in the Senate, resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature in favor of furnishing relief to the famine-stricken people of Ireland were presented and referred. The House joint resolution, directing the illumination of the public buildings on Saturday evening, Washington's birthday, in honor of the recent victories, was adopted. The case of Senator Starke, the new member from Oregon, whose loyalty is in question, was then taken up, and a long debate ensued, but, without taking action on the subject, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Treasury Note bill, with the Senate's amendments and some modifications, was reported back by the Ways and Means Committee, and made the special order for Wednesday, at 1 o'clock. The Senate's joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Dupont, and the officers and men under his command, for the decisive victory at Port Royal in November last, and the Senate's resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to the Army and Navy for the series of brilliant victories over the enemy, were both adopted. The Senate's amendment to the Fortification Appropriation bill was concurred in. A joint resolution directing that the public buildings be illuminated on Saturday evening, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, in honor of the recent victories, was unanimously adopted. A resolution, that, as a mark of respect for the memory of the killed, and sympathy for the wounded in the recent battles, and as a testimonial of admiration for the undaunted courage of the soldiers, sailors, and marines engaged, the House do now adjourn, was unanimously adopted, and the House accordingly adjourned.

On Wednesday, February 19, in the Senate, the bill increasing the number of naval cadets, and the resolution of thanks to Captain Wilkes, were indefinitely postponed. A joint resolution, authorizing the Secretary of War to confer the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General for eminent services, was introduced. A joint resolution, authorizing the President to present prizes and medals to enlisted soldiers, marines, and sailors who may have distinguished themselves in the war, was adopted. A petition from citizens of New York was presented, asking that the name of South Carolina be expunged from the list of States, and the territory divided between North Carolina and Georgia.——In the House, Mr. Hickman offered a preamble and resolution, the first embodying a paragraph from a Baltimore paper, which stated in effect that, upon searching the office of a journal called the *South*, in that city, letters were found impugning the loyalty of Senators Bayard and Saulsbury, of Delaware, and Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio; and the second directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the truth of the allegations against Mr. Vallandigham, with power to send for persons and papers, and to make report thereon. Mr. Vallandigham vehemently denied the accusations, asserting that he had not written a syllable to any person south of Mason and Dixon's line since the outbreak of the rebellion. He furthermore stoutly proclaimed his undying loyalty to the Union and the flag of the republic. The discussion which ensued was quite lively. Finally, Mr. Hickman, taking into consideration the fresh protestations of loyalty on the part of Mr. Vallandigham, withdrew the resolution. The House in committee discussed the Treasury Note bill, and considered the Senate's amendments, and reported progress. Pending the question on concurring with the Senate, the House adjourned.

On Thursday, February 20, in the Senate, resolutions in favor of the expulsion of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, who is charged with disloyalty, were referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill providing for the establishment of a National Armory at Rock Island was discussed, and the Army Appropriation bill passed. The Treasury Note bill was received from the House, and a Committee of Conference appointed on the amendments disagreed to.——In the House, the Treasury Note bill was taken up. Several of the Senate's amendments were rejected, and the bill is now in the hands of a joint committee of conference.

On Friday, February 21, both Houses of Congress adjourned after very short sessions, out of respect to President Lincoln and his family, in their recent affliction. The Homestead bill was briefly considered in the House, and Speaker Grow made a speech in favor of its passage. No further action was taken upon it.

On Saturday, February 22, in the Senate, a little routine business was done, when a message was received from the House that the ceremonies incident to the day were about to commence, and the members proceeded in a body to the Hall of Representatives.——In the House, the galleries set apart for the public were densely crowded. Many persons were unable even to gain admission to the Capitol. After the House was organized, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, in consideration of the fact that the presentation of flags was not contemplated in the joint resolution providing for the celebration, moved that the ceremony be omitted. This gave rise to a long debate as to the propriety of the proposed presentation, which ended in the adoption of Mr. Crittenden's motion, 70 to 61. At this juncture the members of the Senate, headed by the Vice-President, entered, with the heads of Departments, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the representatives of foreign Governments—officers of the Army and Navy, including General M'Clellan, coming last. The ceremonies then commenced with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Stockton, after which Colonel Forney read the Farewell Address, which was listened to with profound attention. The House then adjourned.

On Monday, February 24, in the Senate, Senator Wilmot urged speedy action on the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. The joint resolution respecting compensating railroad companies that have received grants of land for the transportation of troops was taken up.——In the House, Mr. Roscoe L. Conkling, of New York, offered a resolution declaring the thanks of Congress due to Major-Generals Halleck and Grant for "planning" the recent movements of their respective divisions. Messrs. Cox, of Ohio, and Washburne and Kellogg, of Illinois, objected to assaulting the reputation of General M'Clellan, and the resolution was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. The Post-office Appropriation bill was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation bill, and Mr. Shellabarger made a speech on the subject of emancipating slaves.

THE FALL OF NASHVILLE.

We are in possession of positive intelligence that Nashville is in our hands. A dispatch from Cairo states that General Buell occupies that city; and if this statement requires any confirmation, we have it in the fact that the Richmond *Enquirer*, in an extra published on Saturday evening, publishes telegrams from Augusta and Savannah announcing the evacuation of Nashville. Colonel Lee, who has just been released from durance at Richmond, also states that he was confidentially informed by an official of the rebel government that Nashville had fallen into the hands of the Union army.

THE SURRENDER OF CLARKSVILLE.

The details of the surrender of Clarksville, Tennessee, by the rebels, are furnished in the official dispatches of Commodore Foote to the Navy Department. It appears that on the approach of our forces two-thirds of the citizens fled in alarm. At the request of the Mayor of the city, and the Hon. Cave Johnson, formerly Postmaster-General of the United States, Commodore Foote issued a proclamation assuring all peaceable citizens that they may pursue their avocations without interruption. Commodore Foote represents that a strong Union sentiment prevails at all the points on the river which he has touched upon. The rebel armed forces retreated from Clarksville to Nashville, and destroyed the fine railroad bridge across the Cumberland River, against the remonstrances of the citizens, whose devotion to the Union is thus more strongly verified. An iron rolling mill, belonging to the Hon. John Bell, was totally destroyed by one of our gun-boats. Commodore Foote announces his intention of proceeding further up the Cumberland River with his gun-boats and six or eight mortar boats.

FALL OF RUSSELLVILLE AND CUMBERLAND GAP.

Dispatches from Louisville announce that Cumberland Gap and Russellville are in possession of our troops. At the former point the rebels at one time hoped to make a formidable stand, but the accumulation of our victories have demolished their expectations in that respect.

BURNSIDE'S OPERATIONS.

The Richmond *Dispatch* of Saturday publishes intelligence of the Burnside and Goldsborough expedition, from Suffolk, Virginia, and Norfolk, to the effect that our gunboats had ascended the Chowan River, on the 20th ult., as far as Winton, North Carolina, landed the troops there, and reduced the town to ashes.

OUR PROGRESS IN MISSOURI.

General Curtis has driven the flying rebel army from Springfield clear into Arkansas, sixty-five miles south of Springfield, and on Sunday night the Stars and Stripes were fluttering over the soil of Arkansas. General Halleck telegraphed to Washington on 18th that Brigadier-General Price, brother of the rebel chief, and several officers of his staff, were captured.

General Price, whose career has been like that of a fox before the hounds, was again overtaken across the Arkansas border by our troops on 19th, at Sugar Creek, where he made a feeble stand, in combination with Ben M'Culloch's command, and was again put to flight. Several of his men and a large quantity of their arms—thrown away in the confusion—were captured by our troops. General Halleck telegraphs that General Curtis had also taken possession of Bentonville, Arkansas.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN ACROSS THE RIVER.

General M'Clellan rode across the river on 20th, for the first time in a long interval, visiting the head-quarters of the different commanders of divisions and brigades. The camps are represented to be in splendid order, both as regards health and discipline. All that the men now require is a fair chance to relieve the quietude of camp life by the activity of the battle-field.

MEETING OF THE REBEL CONGRESS.

The "permanent" rebel Congress was inaugurated at Richmond on the 18th ult. Vice-President Stephens formally opened the session of the Senate. R. M. T. Hunter was elected President *pro tem.* of that body. In the House, Thomas S. Bocock was elected Speaker. In his speech on entering on the duties of his office he said: "The gaze of the world is fixed upon us. Nations look on, curious to see how this new system of government will move off, and what manner of men have been chosen to guide its earliest movements." In excusing the acts of himself and co-rebels Mr. Bocock alludes to the Federal Government in the following terms: "When ambition and interest seized upon it and destroyed its integrity they were not allowed to appropriate the rule altogether to themselves. Fanaticism came forward and demanded to be received as a participant of power with them, and it claimed not in vain. Beneath the sway of this unholy triumvirate justice was forgotten, intolerance was established, private morals were ruined, and public virtue perished. All feeling of constitutional restraint passed away, and all sense of the obligation of an oath was forever lost. The whole machinery of government degenerated into the absolute rule of a corrupt numerical majority. Already the weaker section was marked out for destruction by the stronger, and then came disruption and overthrow. Since then tyranny the most absolute, and perjury the most vile, have destroyed the last vestige of soundness in the whole system."

DAVIS'S INAUGURATION.

The inauguration of Mr. Davis was not attended with any enthusiasm whatever, according to statements of parties who witnessed it, nor is the installment to office of the "permanent" government received with much favor, if we can judge from such language as the following, from the Richmond *Whig* of the 21st, the day before the ceremony took place. That journal says: "Judging by results so far, it (the government) is the most lamentable failure in history, and suggests to the reflecting mind that the most signal service which that government can now render to the country is the surrender of the helm to abler and better hands. In view of the past, the present, and probable future, the pageant of to-morrow is a bitter mockery and a miserable compensation for the ruin of a free people. A child with a bauble, an old man with a young wife, are partial illustrations of the deplorable folly."

MORE BRIDGES BROKEN IN ALABAMA.

Dispatches from St. Louis inform us that a most important point has been gained by the destruction of the railroad bridges at Decatur, Alabama, and at Bridgeport, seventy miles below, by the Unionists in Northern Alabama, emboldened, no doubt, by the appearance of the Union gun-boats under Lieutenant Phelps, who recently proceeded as far as Florence, Alabama.

REBEL PRISONERS IN INDIANA.

The papers announce the arrival at Indianapolis of 5000 of the rebel prisoners from Fort Donelson. They present a miserable appearance, being dressed in multi-colored rags, and using pieces of carpet for blankets. They state that they have been wretchedly fed and cared for during the last six months, and say that the rebellion is pretty well used up, as far as they can judge. The captive officers do not wear any uniform, and in appearance, it is said, do not seem much superior in social position to the mass of the privates.

THE BRIDGE-BURNERS NOT TO BE HUNG.

General Halleck has issued an order remitting the sentence of death upon the bridge-burners to imprisonment in the military prison at Altona, in consideration of the victories recently won and the increasing demonstrations of loyalty among the citizens of Missouri; but he declares that if the rebel spies shall again attempt to destroy the railroads the original sentences shall be carried out.

GENERAL SCOTT TO GO TO MEXICO.

On Saturday General Scott was nominated to the Senate as Minister Extraordinary to Mexico, with functions such as he exercised in the pacification of the Northwestern Boundary question. A project of a treaty, substantially assuming the Mexican debt due to England, France, and Spain, the interest on which amounts to three millions a year, was also sent to the Senate. The treaty guarantees our payment of it for five years.

A LETTER FROM SECRETARY STANTON.

The following letter is published in the New York *Tribune:*

"SIR,—I can not suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my official action. The glory of our recent victories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me.

"Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed.

"We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now and by us in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua, by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner—'*I propose to move immediately on your works!*' Yours truly, EDWIN M. STANTON."

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT'S SON.

The President's son, William, ten years of age, was relieved of his painful illness, after a delirium of 90 hours, by death, at five o'clock on 20th ult. Mr. Lincoln feels his loss very deeply.

THE BRITISH SMUGGLERS SENT SOUTH.

The British Consul at Charleston has had the assurance to send the crew of the British steamer *Fingal*, which ran the blockade, to Fortress Monroe, in order that they might come North. General Wool very properly sent them back the way they came.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE British Parliament met in session on the 6th of February. The Queen's speech was read by royal commission, her Majesty being absent in consequence of the death of Prince Albert. The reference to the American question, in this State paper, must be considered as friendly. Ministers make the Queen say, "That question has been satisfactorily settled by the restoration of the passengers to British protection, and by the disavowal by the United States Government of the act of violence committed by their naval officer. The friendly relations between her Majesty and the President of the United States are therefore unimpaired." The Queen—or rather, her speech—also sets forth that the general condition of Great Britain is "sound," although "some branches of industry" have endured "pressure and privation."

THE STATE PAPERS ON RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

The Palmerston Cabinet have submitted to Parliament voluminous State papers on the subject of England's diplomatic course, down to December last, during the American war crisis. Judging from the portions of these documents now printed, we must arrive at the conclusion that the Government had all the time a salutary dread of being involved in war with the United States, in consequence of the commission of some act—underhand or overt—of active sympathy with the Southern rebels, and that the English ministers had determined to wheedle, to prevaricate, and even endeavor to intimidate, Mr. Lincoln from time to time, hoping that eventually the "fortune of arms" would be with the rebels, and then the Queen could and would recognize them. Indeed, Earl Russell used the above very remarkable words in a conversation which he had with Messrs. Yancey, Mann, and Rost on the subject.

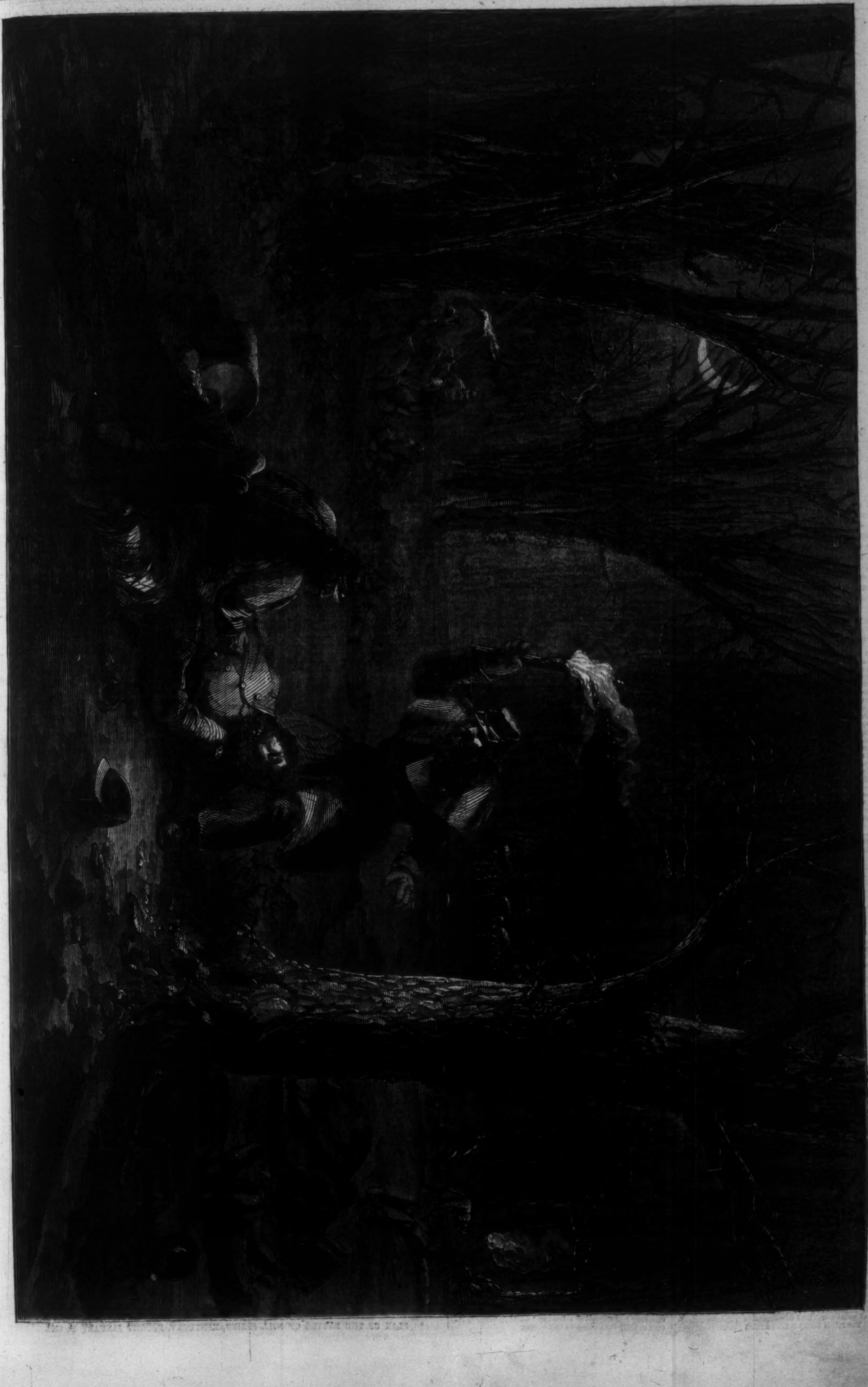
MEXICO TO BE MADE A MONARCHY.

The news relative to the intentions of the allied European governments toward Mexico is very significant. The Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, having accepted the offer of a throne, it was immediately announced in London and Paris that the provisions of the first tripartite treaty—for the collection of debts—do not satisfy the attesting Powers, and the London *Post* proclaims that the armies of France and Spain, with the consent of England, are to immediately march into the city of Mexico, extinguish the republican executive in substance and form, and then present Mexico to the world as a "constitutional monarchy." England is to garrison Vera Cruz and guard the Gulf of Mexico in the mean time.

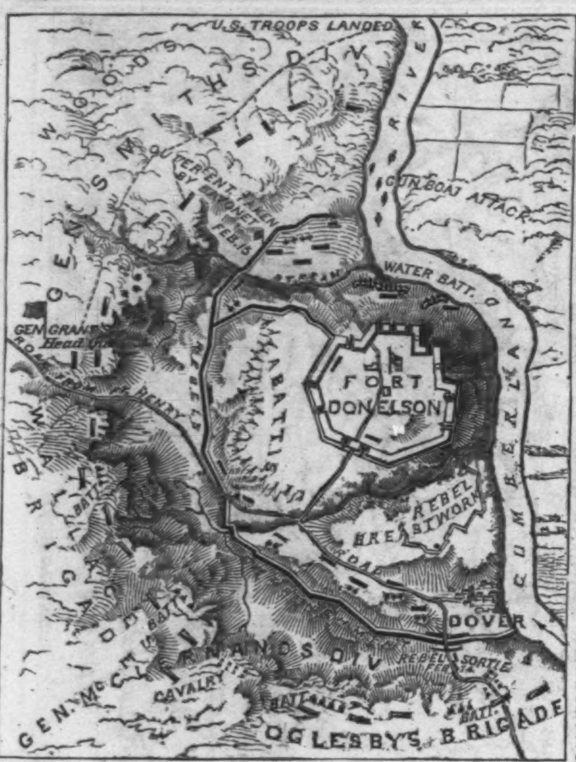
THE "TUSCARORA" AND THE "NASHVILLE."

The *Tuscarora* left Cowes on the 6th ultimo, and held to the westward. The *Nashville* had forty hours' start of her. The crew of the *Nashville* made a great many declarations of their determination to resist capture by a Union vessel, even to the extent of blowing up their ship.

THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT OVER SCHWARTZ'S BATTERY AT FORT DONELSON.—[See Page 150.]



SEEKING FOR THE WOUNDED, BY TORCH-LIGHT, AFTER THE BATTLE



MAP OF FORT DONELSON AND VICINITY.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

WE publish on page 148 a picture of the FIGHT OVER SCHWARTZ'S BATTERY (Union) on the last day of the siege of Fort Donelson. The contest began, as our readers will remember, on Thursday, 13th, and the fort was surrendered on Sunday morning, 16th. On Saturday the enemy made a successful sortie, and succeeded for a time in seizing one or two of our batteries. The event which our artist commemorates is thus described in the correspondence of the *World:*

THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

Early in the morning a large rebel force, admitted to be twelve thousand strong by themselves, which had lain in the trenches all night, were ordered outside of the rifle-pits. The men, it appears, were uncertain whether it was a retreat, and resolved to fight with desperation.

The rebel force was, as nearly as can be ascertained, composed of

First Mississippi, Third Mississippi, Fourth Mississippi, Fourteenth Mississippi, and Twentieth Mississippi, under General Johnson.

Forty-first Tennessee, Forty-first Virginia, Fifteenth Arkansas, Second Texas, and an Alabama regiment, under General J. B. Floyd.

Forrest's Cavalry, 1200 strong.

They had posted their batteries inside of the breastworks, ready to open fire so soon as our troops advanced to meet them. At six o'clock a shot was sent over to the rebel ranks just leaving their lines. In a few minutes the whole column was in motion. Col. Oglesby, who held the position menaced by the enemy, got his troops in line as rapidly as possible, and had Schwartz's Battery of four pieces in readiness to receive them. The announcement had hardly been made that the enemy was upon us than they were fairly engaged with our troops. The position of our troops during the first assault may be expressed as follows:

OGLESBY'S BRIGADE.

Ninth, Eighth, and Thirtieth Illinois. † † † † Schwartz's Battery. Thirty-first Illinois.

ENEMY'S POSITION.

Fourteenth Mississippi.
Second Mississippi.
Twentieth Mississippi.
Third Mississippi
Fifty-first Virginia.
† † † † † † † † †
Batteries in Intrenchments.

In this order was the fight—which proved to be a very severe one—begun. Col. Oglesby, being hardly pressed, sent back for reinforcements. Col. W. H. H. Wallace was sent forward with his brigade, consisting of the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-eighth, and Forty-ninth Illinois regiments, who came up to find the Mississippi regiments heavily engaged with the Illinoisians of Col. Oglesby. After several desperate volleys our men were flanked by an overpowering force of the rebels, and were driven back, and for a few minutes overpowered. The timely arrival of Col. Wallace turned the day. One of his regiments was cut off from the rest by the cavalry force and a regiment of rebel infantry. They gallantly cut their way through, and drove the enemy back from the hill.

The firing was excessive and well sustained. The Eighth Illinois sustained the brunt of the charge, as did also the Fourteenth Mississippi. The men on both sides behaved with characteristic intrepidity. The Southerners, rash, impetuous, daring, and soon spent, fought bravely for a short time. The Western men, stubborn, resolute, daring, and full of fortitude, standing almost unmoved amidst the storm of buck and ball which poured from the rifles and muskets of the rebels, only breaking after they had seen their comrades falling by their sides.

A SECOND REPULSE OF THE REBELS.

By dint of rapid firing from the two batteries of Taylor and Schwartz, the enemy was driven back. The regiments of our line which had suffered so much were withdrawn. The enemy had by this time concentrated their broken troops for another attack. General M'Clernand had already prepared for the emergency. Anticipating that an attempt would be made to force a passage through, he ordered a brigade to the rear and extreme right to form behind the regiments then in front.

Possibly an hour had elapsed when the enemy returned in a dense mass to the attack. The battery of Captain Schwartz seemed to be the object of their attack. On they came pell-mell, with deafening volleys of fire. Our batteries, well-nigh exhausted of canister, poured shell into them with all possible dispatch. Ammunition caissons were sent back in haste to get a fresh supply of canister. The Ninth, Eighteenth, Thirtieth, and Forty-first were the next regiments to be brought up. The crest of the hill was contested with variable success for a full hour, when the enemy was finally driven back. The line of battle was so much confused that no connected account of the movements can be detailed. The utmost bravery was displayed on both sides until the struggle degenerated into a larger sort of skirmish, in which a great deal of powder and lead was expended without much effect. The rebels finally retired a third time.

Our men had by this time expended their quantum of ammunition (forty rounds). It was during this lull, and before our men could realize the fact that they had driven the enemy before them, that the fourth and last attempt was made to seize the battery. The horses being shot, the enemy succeeded in gaining possession of the battery of Captain Schwartz, and were on the point of turning them upon our troops, when Captain Willett's Chicago battery, which had just toiled up fresh from Fort Henry, arrived on the ground and poured in a perfect storm of canister just in time to save the day. The rebels fell back in disorder, pulling the guns of Schwartz with them down the hill, and gained entrance to the fort before our troops could overtake them. Our regiments followed them to the embankments, some of them climbing over, and were driven back for want of support.

We publish on this page a PLAN OF FORT DONELSON. The following very good description of the fort is from the correspondent of the *Times:*

The first thing that strikes one upon entering Fort Donelson is its immense strength. Fort Henry was thought to be almost a Gibraltar, but its strength is weakness when compared to that of Donelson. Along Dover the Cumberland River runs nearly north. A half mile or so below it makes a short bend to the west for some hundred yards or so, and then turns again and pursues its natural course due north. Right in this bend, on the left bank of the river, and commanding it to the north, are two water batteries, side by side, and nearly down to the water's edge.

The main battery has nine guns, all looking straight down the river. The left-hand gun is a 10-inch Columbiad—the rest are 32-pounders. The other battery has three guns—the middle one a formidable rifled 64-pound Columbiad—the others 64-pound howitzers. All these guns are protected by breast-works of immense thickness, the tops of which are composed of coffee-sacks filled with earth. Back of these batteries the shore rises with a pretty steep ascent till it forms a hill, whose top is nearly or quite 100 feet above the water. On the top of this hill is Fort Donelson—an irregular work, which incloses about 100 acres. The only guns in the fort are four light siege guns, a 12-pound howitzer, two 24-pound guns, and one 64-pound howitzer. West of the fort, in the direction of the place occupied by General Grant, and south towards General M'Clernand's position, the country is a succession of hills. For several hundred yards around the fort the timber has all been cut down so as to afford a fair sweep for the Confederate guns. Surrounding the whole fort and town, and distant from the former about a mile, is a trench for riflemen, which runs completely around from the river bank above Dover almost to a point near the river some distance below the water batteries. Directly west of the fort, and within the rifle-pit, are formidable abattis, which would render an advance from that direction almost an impossibility.

THE EXECUTION OF GORDON, THE SLAVE-TRADER.

NOT the least important among the changes which are taking place in the current of national policy and public opinion is evidenced by the fact that on Friday, 21st February, in this city, NATHANIEL GORDON was hung for being engaged in the slave-trade. For forty years the slave-trade has been pronounced piracy by law, and to engage in it has been a capital offense. But the sympathy of the Government and its officials has been so often on the side of the criminal, and it seemed so absurd to hang a man for doing at sea that which, in half the Union, is done daily without censure on land, that no one has ever been punished under the Act. The Administration of Mr. Lincoln has turned over a new leaf in this respect. Henceforth the slave-trade will be abandoned to the British and their friends. The hanging of Gordon is an event in the history of our country.

He was probably the most successful and one of the worst of the individuals engaged in the trade. A native of Maine, he had engaged in the business many years since, and had always eluded justice. The particular voyage which proved fatal to him was undertaken in 1860. The following summary of the case we take from the *Times:*

It was in evidence (given by Lieutenant Henry D. Todd, U.S.N.) that the ship *Erie* was first discovered by the United States steamer *Mohican*, on the morning of the 8th day of August, 1860; that she was then about fifty miles outside of the River Congo, on the West Coast of Africa, standing to the northward, with all sail set; that she was flying the American flag, and that a gun from the *Mohican* brought her to.

It was shown by Lieutenant Todd that he went on board himself about noon, and took command of the prize. He found on board of the *Erie*, which our readers will remember was but 500 tons burden, eight hundred and ninety-seven (897) negroes, men, women, and children, ranging from the age of six months to forty years. They were half children, one-fourth men, and one-fourth women, and so crowded when on the main deck that one could scarcely put his foot down without stepping on them. The stench from the hold was fearful, and the filth and dirt upon their persons indescribably offensive.

At first he of course knew nothing about them, and until Gordon showed him, he was unable to stow them or feed them—finally he learned how, but they were stowed so closely that during the entire voyage they appeared to be in great agony. The details are sickening, but as fair exponents of the result of this close stowing, we will but mention that running sores and cutaneous diseases of the most painful as well as contagious character infected the entire load. Decency was unthought of; privacy was simply impossible—nastiness and wretchedness reigned supreme. From such a state of affairs we are not surprised to learn that, during the passage of fifteen days, twenty-nine of the sufferers died, and were thrown overboard.

It was proved by one of the seamen that he, with others, shipped on the *Erie*, believing her to be bound upon a legitimate voyage, and that, when at sea they suspected, from the nature of the cargo, that all was not right, which suspicion they mentioned to the Captain (Gordon), who satisfied them by saying that he was on a lawful voyage, that they had shipped as sailors, and would do better to return to their duties than to talk to him.

Subsequently they were told that they had shipped on a slaver, and that for every negro safely landed they should receive a dollar.

The negroes were taken on board the ship on the 7th day of August, 1860, and the entire operation of launching and unloading nearly nine hundred negroes, occupied but three quarters of an hour, or less time than a sensible man would require for his dinner. As the poor creatures came over the side Gordon would take them by the arm, and shove them here or there, as the case might be, and if by chance their persons were covered from entire exposure by a strip of rag, he would, with his knife, cut it off, fling it overboard, and send the wretch naked with his fellows.

Several of the crew testified, all agreeing that Gordon acted as Captain; that he engaged them; that he ordered them; that he promised them the $1 *per capita;* that he superintended the bringing on board the negroes; and that he was, in fact, the master-spirit of the entire enterprise.

For this crime Gordon was arrested, tried, and, mainly through the energy of District-Attorney Smith, convicted, and sentenced to death. Immense exertions were made by his friends and the slave-trading interest to procure a pardon, or at least a commutation of his sentence, from President Lincoln, but without avail. He was sentenced to die on 21st. We abridge the following account of his last hours and execution [which we illustrate on page 157] from the *Herald* and *Times:*

THE ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until about three o'clock A.M. on Friday morning, when the keepers were alarmed by the prisoner being suddenly seized with convulsions. At first it was supposed that he was trying to strangle himself; but on a close examination it was evident that he was suffering from the effects of poison. Dr. Simmons, the prison physician, was immediately sent for, and stimulants were freely administered for the purpose of producing a reaction. For the first half hour or so the efforts of the physician appeared to have but little effect. The patient became quite rigid under the influence of the poison, his pulse could scarcely be felt, and it was thought that after all the gallows would be cheated of its victim. Drs. James R. Wood and Hodgman, who were also in attendance upon the prisoner, labored hard to resuscitate the dying man, and finally, by means of the stomach-pump and the use of brandy, the patient was sufficiently recovered to be able to articulate. It was not until eight o'clock, however, that the physicians had any hope of saving Gordon's life. From that hour, however, the prisoner gradually recovered, although he was subject to fainting fits for hours afterward. When sensible he begged of the doctors to let him alone, preferring, he said, to die by his own hand rather than suffer the ignominy of a public execution.

It has not been satisfactorily ascertained how or in what manner the unfortunate man procured the poison with which he contemplated self-destruction. The symptoms were evidently those of strychnine, and the only way in which the keepers can account for the presence of the poison is its introduction in the cigars which Gordon had smoked so freely the night before. On Thursday the prisoner was compelled to undergo a rigid search, his clothing was changed entirely, and he was placed in a new cell, so that it would seem impossible almost for him to have procured the poison in any other way than that suggested by his keepers.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock, when it was apparent to Gordon that the execution would certainly take place, notwithstanding his attempt at suicide, he sent for Marshal Murray, and said he had something of a private nature to communicate. The Marshal repaired to the bedside of the culprit and asked if any thing could be done to alleviate his sufferings. Gordon raised himself slowly from his cot, and with much difficulty, said: "Cut a lock of hair from my head and give it to my wife." Then taking a ring from his finger, he requested that that also should be sent to his wife in remembrance of her husband. The request was cheerfully complied with, and the official, quite overcome with emotion, left the unhappy man to his fate.

THE EXECUTION.

At 12 o'clock, Marshal Murray notified Gordon, through Mr. Draper, that the hour had arrived. At this he expressed great surprise, and said he thought he had two hours more in which to live. The clergyman entered the cell and prayed with him, or rather for him. Deputy Marshal Borst aided him in dressing and gave him a large drink of clear whisky, when his arms were tied, the black cap was put carelessly on one side of his head, and he was carried on the deputy's shoulders to a chair in the corridor. The sight was simply shocking.

The man was not sober—that is, so powerful had been the effect of the poison that, in order to keep him alive till the necessary moment, they had been obliged to give him whisky enough to make an ordinary man drunk three times over. He sat idlingly in the chair, gazing listlessly around, while the Marshal, with unaffected emotion, read the former reprieve to him. That done, he was helped to his feet, and held there while the Marshal read to him the death-warrant.

After this he looked around with a senseless smile, asked for some more whisky, which was kindly given him. The procession was then formed, Gordon stalking with a bravadoish air, upheld by the Marshals, toward the scaffold.

To a casual spectator it would appear that, exhausted by mental or physical suffering, Gordon was making a great effort to walk manfully to his fate. As it was, however, he had just sense enough left to endeavor to follow out the suggestion of the well-meaning deputy, who told him to die like a man, and to walk to the rope, so that no one could accuse him of fear. When he reached the scaffold, he said, "Well, a man can't die but once; I'm not afraid." The cap was drawn over the whitened, meaningless features, the noose-knot was carefully adjusted under his ear, and he stood, an unthinking, careless, besotted wretch waiting for he knew not what, when with a jerk he went high in air, and fell to the length of the rope, still senseless, still unfeeling, still regardless of pain or pleasure.

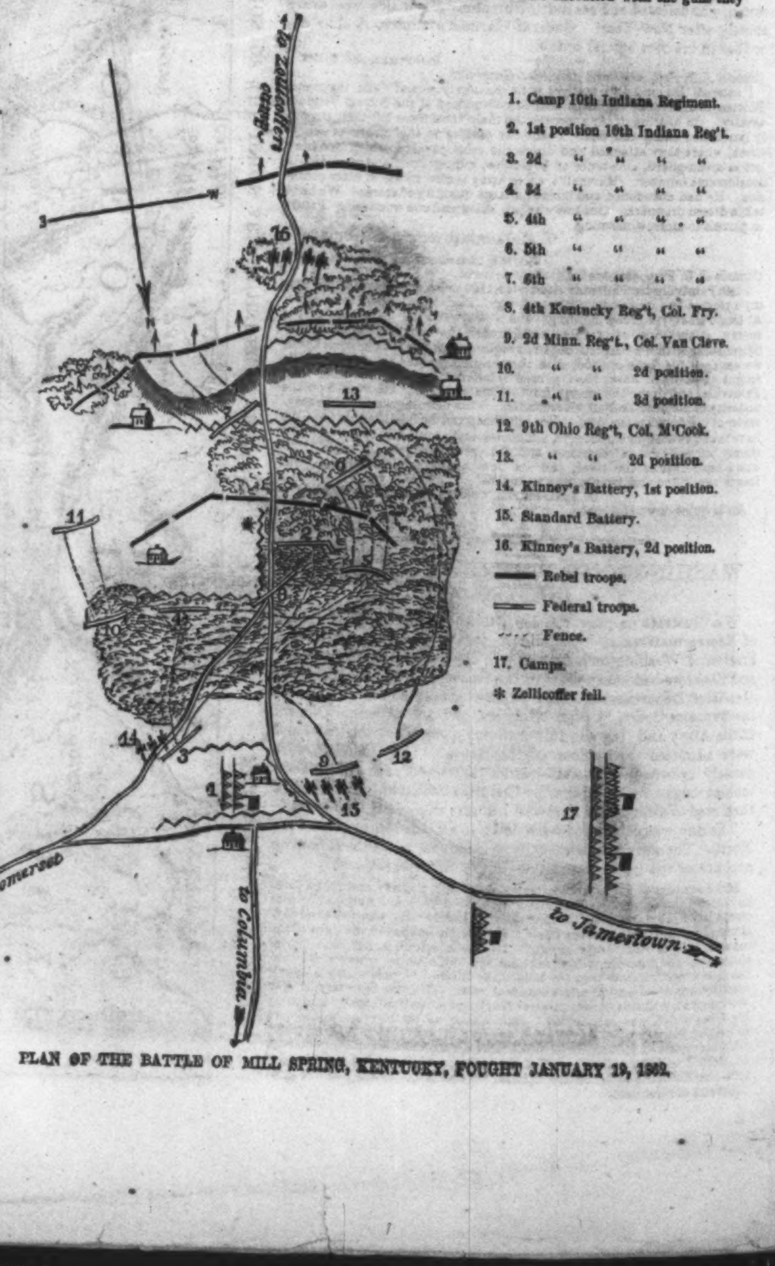
The body swayed hither and thither for a few moments, and all was quiet. No twitchings, no convulsions, no throes, no agonies. His legs opened once, but closed again, and he hung a lump of dishonored clay.

THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

WE publish herewith a plan of the BATTLE OF MILL SPRING, KENTUCKY, fought on 19th January, and won by Generals Thomas and Schoepff. The following interesting letter explains the plan:

HEAD-QUARTERS TENTH REGIMENT INDIANA FOOT VOLUNTEERS, MILL SPRING, *Feb.* 7, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—We left Lebanon on the 31st day of December, and marched to Campbellsville; from there we made a forced march to Greensburg, twelve miles, in less than four hours, and returned the next day in about the same time. The expedition turned out to be a goose chase. On or about the 7th we started for Columbia, where we arrived in two days. After resting three or four days we struck tents and started for Zollicoffer's intrenchments. After some six or eight days' hard traveling we arrived at Logan's Cross Roads, where the fun commenced. Friday afternoon we sent out as pickets Company A, Captain Hamilton; at night Company E, Captain Carroll, and Company G, Captain Hogiland. About twelve o'clock that night the enemy's pickets and Company E met and exchanged shots; the regiment was in less than five minutes in line of battle, but as the enemy retreated we retired to bed again. The next morning Company C, Captain Boyl, and Company D, Captain Joseph F. Taylor, were sent out to relieve Companies E and G. During Saturday nothing of importance occurred. At night Company I, Captain Perkins, and Company K, Captain Shortle, relieved Companies C and D. During the night, which was very stormy, every thing was quiet. At six o'clock Sunday morning Captain Perkins came in and reported every thing quiet. Hardly had he got away from the tent when one of Wolford's cavalry rode up and said our pickets were firing. The long roll was instantly beat, and the boys started at double-quick: the regiment took the position marked (2), which they held until the enemy had completely outflanked us. We fought over 3000 for over half an hour. We then retreated to (3). In the mean time the Fourth Kentucky came up. We then pushed forward to (4), with the Fourth Kentucky at our right (8). We fought here for nearly an hour, when finding the enemy's cavalry trying a flanking movement on us, we moved, by General Thomas's orders, to (5), where we fought desperately at least an hour. At this time Colonel Manson saw that the enemy were again trying a flank movement to our right; ordered that M'Cook should bring his men to our relief. The Second Minnesota (9) moved forward and took position at (10), from thence forward to (11), driving the left flank of the enemy in. The Ninth Ohio (12) came up and drove the right flank in. Our regiment then went forward to (6), when Colonel Kise ordered "Charge bayonets!" which was done with a will, and every thing went before us. Our next position was at (7); it was here that the old Tenth did the best execution with the guns they



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING, KENTUCKY, FOUGHT JANUARY 19, 1862.

received while in your town. At the little house you see marked at the left of (7) Company E, Captain Carroll, killed twenty-one men. We fairly mowed them down in that open field. The Ninth Ohio (13) was carrying on the same kind of business on the other side of the road. The order was again given to charge bayonets, which was done by the Tenth Indiana and Ninth Ohio in splendid style. Secesh was now completely played out, and they all struck for their den. The double-quick we practiced so much at Bardstown was no comparison to theirs; in that respect they are much better drilled than we. We followed them, occasionally giving them a shell to hurry them up a little. At about 4 o'clock we arrived within shelling distance of their intrenchments, and commenced giving them a few; but night coming on we decided to rest. We had started off in the morning before breakfast, and had eaten nothing all day. We received a few *crackers*, and the boys laid themselves down on the damp ground (it having rained all day). In the morning Whitmore's battery was ordered up to shell a steamboat which we saw crossing the river. We shot with two Parrot guns a distance of about two miles. We however had shot but a few times when we noticed the steamer on fire. Our regiment, together with the Tenth Kentucky, Fourteenth Ohio, and Fourth Kentucky (Manson's Brigade), were then ordered by General Thomas to take possession of the intrenchments. The Tenth Kentucky, Colonel Harlan, was the first to enter, the Fourteenth Ohio next, and then came ours. We found every thing left. Horses stood saddled and bridled; teams were hitched up; the horses were standing attached to the cannons; officers' trunks were found strewn on the bank of the river. We took about 2000 head of horses and mules, 250 wagons, 14 cannon, two of which were captured by them at Bull Run, some 4000 or 5000 stand of arms, and any number of flags. Company E, Captain Carroll, captured three silk flags; Company H, Captain Marsh B. Taylor, one silk flag. You have seen it reported in the papers that Colonel Fry and Zollicoffer had some conversation, and that Fry shot Z. This is a great hoax. Zollicoffer was shot three times; the ball that killed him was from an *Enfield rifle*, and entered his heart. The shot was fired by Corporal James Swan, of Company H, who is a dead shot, and the same person who shot the man one night in the shoulder while in your town. I am, Judge, very proud to be in the Tenth Regiment, and also very proud of the officers. They are all very brave. Colonel Kise and Major Miller can't be beat any where. Colonel Manson was the hero of the day, and managed every thing in splendid style. We lost but one officer, Lieutenant M'Adams, who was shot in the forehead and killed instantly. Lieutenant Johnson was wounded in the left arm slightly. Some of the men were wounded, and after having their wounds bound up went into the field again. At one time we were so close to the enemy that we bayoneted them through the fence. The Mississippians were armed with immense knives, which they intended using on us, but our bayonets outreached their knives.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.

WE publish on page 145 a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT, the hero of Fort Donelson. The following sketch of his life we take from the *Herald*:

Major-General Ulysses S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clairmont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and entered West Point Military Academy from Ohio in 1839, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as brevet Second Lieutenant to the Fourth Infantry. He was promoted Second Lieutenant at Corpus Christi, in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under General Taylor, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, and under General Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice promoted for his bravery. He was regimental Quarter-master from April 1, 1847; and when he resigned the service, on the 31st of July, 1854, he was a full captain in the Fourth Infantry of regulars. After his resignation he settled in St. Louis County, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Governor Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the 21st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted a Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was engaged as Colonel and acting Brigadier-General in several of the contests in Southeastern Missouri; and his course as commander of the southeast district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized, and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah, and stoppage of communication and supplies to the rebels via the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in our readers' minds. The rest of his course as commander there is too well known to be repeated here, and certain it is that this action in every instance has been applauded both by his superior officers and the people. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and General Grant was assigned by General Halleck to the command of it.

General Grant's performance at Fort Henry, and especially his correspondence with the rebel General Buckner, are fresh in our readers' memories. He was at once appointed a Major-General by the President, and was unanimously confirmed by Congress.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD.

On page 157 we publish a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD, who defeated and scattered Humphrey Marshall's rebel army shortly after New-Year. General Garfield's exploit is thus described in his own official orders:

PAINTVILLE, *Jan.* 8, 1862.

Captain J. B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General:

I entered this place yesterday, with the Forty-second Ohio regiment, Fourteenth Kentucky regiment, and three hundred of the Second Virginia cavalry. On hearing of my approach the main rebel force left their strongly intrenched camp and fled. I sent my cavalry to the mouth of Jennis Creek, where they attacked and drove the rebel cavalry, which had been left as a van-guard, a distance of five miles, killing three and wounding a considerable number. Marshall's whole army is now flying in utter confusion. He had abandoned and burned a large quantity of stores. We have taken fifteen prisoners. Our loss was two killed and one wounded. I start in pursuit to-morrow morning.

J. A. GARFIELD, commanding Brigade.

BRIGADE, PRESTONBURG, KY., *Jan.* 11, 1862.

Captain J. B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General:

I left Paintville on Thursday noon with 1100 men, and drove in the enemy's pickets two miles below Prestonburg. The men slept on their arms. At four o'clock yesterday morning we moved toward the main body of the enemy, at the forks of Middle Creek, under the command of Marshall. Skirmishing with his outposts began at eight o'clock, and at one o'clock P.M. we engaged his force of 2500, with three cannon posted on the hill. We fought them until dark, having been reinforced by about 700 men from Paintville, and drove the enemy from all his positions. He carried off the majority of his dead and all his wounded. This morning we found twenty-seven of his dead on the field. His killed can not be less than sixty. We have taken twenty-five prisoners, ten horses, and a quantity of stores. The enemy burned most of his stores, and fled precipitately in the night. To-day I have crossed the river, and am now occupying Prestonburg. Our loss is two killed and twenty-five wounded.

J. A. GARFIELD, Colonel commanding Brigade.

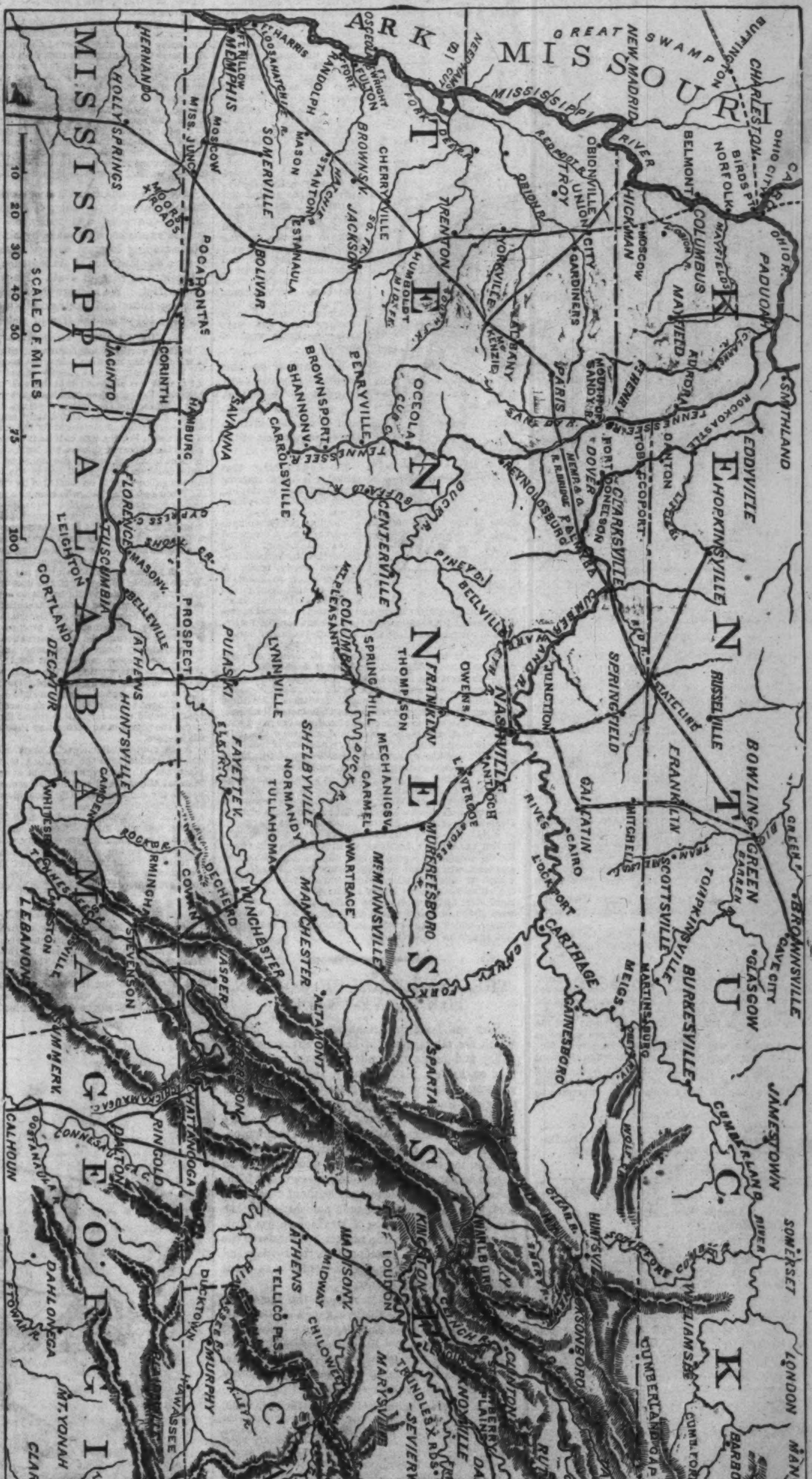
All is quiet down the road.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT WASHINGTON.

WE illustrate on page 156 the REBEL FLAGS in the old House of Representatives at Washington, on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's Birthday. The Senate had adjourned, and Senators had taken seats in the House, and at one o'clock the Heads of Departments, Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, Foreign Ministers, and the principal Officers of the Army and Navy in full uniform, appeared at the door, and were admitted to the floor of the House. The galleries were densely crowded with well-dressed ladies and men. The ceremonies began with a prayer by Chaplain Stockton, and the Clerk then read Washington's Farewell Address in a clear, loud voice.

The day was celebrated with éclat in all the large cities of the North. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* gives the following account of the gathering in the Hall of Representatives:

Mr. Seward was there, impassible as ever, with a sandy and tough face, on which the sharp contests of a long life of New York a-d national politics would seem to have made no impression. Beside him was the Attorney-General, whose office in these times is somewhat lessened in the light of the maxim, "*leges silent inter arma.*" Mr. Blair, with his tall lithe figure, sharp eye, and intelligent face, sat next Mr. Caleb Smith, whose very countenance would indicate that the toils of the Interior Department are alleviated by a good digestion and a mind at ease. The new Secretary of War was present, with his broad, massive head, and lines that spoke decision on his face, which was pale to-day. And Welles, of the Navy, who, in spite of all the Morgan talk, is esteemed an upright and able man, was there, with his patriarchal long white locks, and a face which seemingly belongs as little to to-day as if he had been the sculptor employed by the kings before the Pharaohs to carve the Sphinx. General M'Clellan was the most observed of observers.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY, SHOWING THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE UNION ARMIES UNDER GENERALS BUELL AND GRANT.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE.

ON page 152 we give a view of the CITY OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, from a sketch kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. R. J. Meigs, a loyal citizen of Nashville, now resident in New York. It is, as every body knows, the capital of Tennessee, and is a fine city of about 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the Cumberland River. — Two bridges, a railroad bridge (M'Callum truss), and an iron suspension bridge, span the river opposite to the city. Nashville stands on a bluff on the south side of the river. It is surrounded by hills, which command it, and render its defense extremely difficult against an army approaching from various points. The large building of which we give a picture herewith is the CAPITOL OF TENNESSEE, a new and handsome structure. Governor Harris lives in a little shanty opposite the Capitol, which was used by the architects during its construction. He is too mean to take lodgings at a hotel.

We likewise append a view of the fine RAILROAD BRIDGE over the Cumberland, which report stated the rebels had destroyed. The following account of Nashville we take from the New York *Herald:*

THE CAPITOL AT NASHVILLE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

Nashville is the capital of Tennessee, and seat of justice of Davidson County. It is a city and port of entry, and is situated on the Cumberland River, two hundred miles above its junction with the Ohio. The population of Nashville before the rebellion was about 24,000, but has since much decreased. The city is chiefly built on the south side of the river, on the slopes and at the foot of a hill rising about two hundred feet above the water. The Cumberland is navigable for steamboats for fifty miles above the city, and by smaller boats to the falls, five hundred miles from its mouth. There are five railroads radiating from Nashville—viz., the Tennessee and Alabama, Louisville and Nashville, Memphis and Ohio, Hickman and Nashville Branch, Nashville and Chattanooga, and Nashville and Northwestern. The city is generally well built, and there are numerous imposing public and private buildings. One of the finest of the former is the new Capitol, situated on an eminence one hundred and seventy-five feet above the river, and constructed, inside and out, of a beautiful variety of fossilliferous limestone. It is three stories high, including the basement. At either end of the building there is an Ionic portico of eight columns, each four feet and a half in diameter, and over thirty-three feet high, and at the sides there are also porticoes of six columns each. A tower or cupola rises above the centre of the roof to the height of two hundred and six feet from the ground. It has a quadrangular rusticated base, forty-two feet high, surmounted by a circular cell, thirty-seven feet high and twenty-six feet in diameter, with eight fluted Corinthian columns, designed from the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. The dimensions of the whole building are one hundred and thirty-eight by two hundred and thirty-eight feet, and the construction cost over one million of dollars. It is approached by four avenues, which rise from terrace to terrace by broad marble steps. The edifice is considered the handsomest State Capitol in the Union.

The new Court House is a large building, on the public square, with an eight-columned Corinthian portico at each end, and a four-columned portico at each side. The State Bank is a handsome Doric building. Among the other permanent edifices are the jail, the penitentiary, theatre, Odd Fellows' and Masonic halls, City Hospital, university, and school-houses.

There are two fine bridges over the Cumberland River—one a railroad bridge, of wood, with an immense draw two hundred and eighty feet, and two stationary spans, each two hundred feet. This bridge was finished in 1859, at a cost of $240,000. The other is a wire suspension bridge, of more than seven hundred feet span, and one hundred and ten feet above the water. It was begun in 1850, and cost about $100,000. The city water-works were constructed in 1833, and the total expense up to 1861 has been more than $500,000. The water is raised from the river to four reservoirs, which have an aggregate capacity of one million six hundred thousand gallons. Gas was introduced into the city in February, 1850.

The commerce of Nashville is very large, being carried on by river and railroads, and by turnpike roads, to the construction of which the city has devoted a great deal of attention. The revenue of the port amounts to about $40,000 per annum; but the Government has not yet erected a Custom-house in the city. The average annual shipments are—30,000 bales of cotton, 6000 hogsheads of tobacco, 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000,000 bushels of Indian corn, 10,000 casks of bacon, 25,000 hogs, and 2500 tierces of lard.

The neighborhood of Nashville is a famous stock-raising country, and has a high reputation for blood-horses, jackasses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, and Cashmere goats. The leading business of the city is in dry goods, hardware, drugs, and groceries. Book publishing is carried on more extensively than in any other Western town, and the publishing house of the Southern Methodist Conference is one of the largest book manufactories in the United States. The manufactures are less important than the commercial interests. There are three flour mills, eight or ten planing mills, and eight or ten machine shops. The value of the taxable property here is $15,000,000. Seven miles from the city is the State Lunatic Asylum, and twelve miles east is the Hermitage, the celebrated residence of Andrew Jackson. The municipal government is vested in a mayor, eight aldermen, and sixteen councilmen. The first permanent settlement was made in 1778-'80; the town was incorporated in 1784, received its charter in 1806, and was made the State capital in 1812. Nashville is 280 miles northeast of Memphis, 206 miles southwest of Lexington in Kentucky, and 684 miles from Washington city.

At the hour we close this record the telegraph reports that the gun-boats and General Buell reached Nashville late last week, and that the city surrendered.

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE CUMBERLAND, AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

WHAT BEFELL ME AT THE ASSIZES.

It is now about fifteen years since I was compelled to attend the assizes at our county town as the junior member of a highly respectable legal firm. Knowing that there would be several important causes, besides our own, and two or three cases on the criminal side, which excited much public attention, and that thus the small county town would be overwhelmed with visitors, I took the precautions of writing—the night before my journey—to secure beds for myself and clerk at the principal inn, where I was, of course, well known.

The next day I took my journey, arriving at my destination early in the day.

I found, as I had expected, the town crowded with people; and, on going into the hotel, the landlord informed me that he had received my letter, but that to retain a bedroom for me in his house had been absolutely impossible, the hotel being filled to overflowing by other persons who had bespoken rooms before me. He had provided one small bedroom in a respectable public-house, which would suit my clerk; but as to myself, if I would confide my sleeping arrangements to his care, he would insure me a handsome apartment and comfortable bedroom out of the house, and would convey me there in one of his carriages.

Being somewhat particular in the matter of sleeping accommodation, I thought it desirable to inquire more particularly where he proposed to send me; but as he was much pressed for time, he could only briefly acquaint me that the room intended for my use was in a large, unoccupied house standing rather on the outskirts of the town, and that the owner had been a man of fortune, which he had spent neither well nor wisely, and had been in consequence compelled to leave England.

The mansion itself, which had two or three half-furnished rooms, had been placed by the agent at the disposal of the landlord of the hotel on this occasion, for the accommodation of such customers as he might find himself unable to receive at his own house. There being no remedy, I was compelled to submit to this arrangement; and in a few minutes the attendance on witnesses, consultations with counsel, and the usual preparations for going into court, put the matter entirely out of my head.

My cause was the third on the list. The first was understood to be a short cause which would soon be disposed of; the second was a case relating to a water-course, which every body knows to be one of the most tedious and lengthy of all imaginable cases; this, it was expected, would be arranged out of court, in which event my cause would be called on early in the course of the day. Contrary, however, to expectation, neither of these probabilities occurred, and although compelled to stay in court all day my cause remained untried.

About six o'clock, therefore, fatigued and mentally weary, I repaired to the hotel, where, after a good dinner and a consultation with our leading counsel, I found a comfortable fly ready to take me to my quarters at about ten o'clock. It is scarcely needful to add that my mind was intensely occupied with the coming trial, the result of which, from various circumstances, was of more than ordinary importance to our firm.

It struck me, however, that the fly was longer than I had expected in conveying me to my place of abode for the night, and this circumstance at length roused me from my preoccupation; and, looking out of the window, I perceived that I had left the town, and was proceeding along a dark lane which appeared to have diverged from the turnpike-road. In a few minutes the carriage stopped at a garden-door, which was opened by the driver, who then proceeded to let me out of the fly, intimating that this was the house where I was to sleep, and that he had brought the key in his pocket.

On getting out of the fly with my small portmanteau, which contained, among other things, a considerable sum of money, I found myself in front of a large old-fashioned house, standing at the head of a desolate, neglected lawn. In a window on the first-floor a light was burning; that room, the driver informed me, was my bedroom. The house was locked, and he had instructions to deliver the key into my hands, and to assure me that I should find every thing very comfortable; and that in the morning he would bring the fly for me at an early hour to take me to my breakfast at the inn. Bidding the man "good-night," I went toward the mansion, key in hand, prepared to forget all troubles in a sound night's rest.

The night was starlight—there was no moon—and but for the little light which glimmered in the window, the position of the house and its character would have been scarcely traceable from the distance at which I entered by the garden-gate. As I advanced it became more defined, and the overgrown wilderness in which it stood gave it a decided character of desolation.

Opening the door with my key, and again carefully locking it inside, and securing it with one or two rusty bolts, I went up stairs, the light from a small lamp fixed against the wall of the staircase being my only guide.

As I ascended the staircase a momentary feeling of solitude flashed across me; but my mind was too much preoccupied, and my brain too weary, to allow this feeling to develop itself as it might have done under other circumstances.

At the head of the staircase was a long corridor containing three doors; the handles of the first two I tried as I went along, and found both fastened.

The third, which stood open, was of my apartment.

I dwell on these details because, trivial as they may appear, it was precisely these slight observations which, I make no doubt, furnished the link of association by which a strange and old-fashioned story was suddenly drawn forth from oblivion, and to this I probably owe the preservation of my life.

This old neglected house, the dark staircase with its heavy oak balustrade, the lofty corridor with its dark paneling, the long passage with its closed-up rooms, suddenly arrayed themselves in my imagination as the actual scene of the childish tale of terror which, in my school-boy days, had so often made me hide my head shudderingly under the bed-clothes, and which had hidden itself, unrecalled, in some unknown recess of the mind for upward of thirty years.

The room prepared for me was a large and comfortable one; two wax-lights were burning on the table, and the materials for a fire had been left beside the grate.

One—only one precaution I took before I got into bed—namely, to lock the door; this done, I was truly glad to lie down to sleep. To *sleep?* did I say—nay, but to lie awake and court sleep in vain.

The story I have alluded to repeated itself in its most minute details to my quickened memory, and kept me in the most wakeful of all wakeful moods.

This story, with all its puerility, I must now, without further preface, relate:

"Once upon a time"—(this, of course, is the unvarying formula by which every similar story has ever been introduced from time immemorial)—once upon a time there was a clergyman who was, on some occasion, required to travel a considerable distance from home, through a wild and mountainous country, to take the duty of a brother-clergyman. He was quite a stranger in the parish to which this duty called him. Besides preaching a sermon he had to administer the sacrament, immediately after which he set out on foot to return homeward, accompanied by some few of his hearers whose homes lay in the same direction as his own.

It was winter time, and a snow-storm coming on suddenly, the clergyman and his party lost their way.

Arriving at a desolate-looking house they determined on asking shelter there for the night.

They found the house partly inhabited by a man who carried on the trade of a potter, and occupied the lower floor. The upper floor was untenanted, but the potter alleged that there was one room with a good bed in it, in which the clergyman might sleep. It was accordingly so arranged, and the clergyman, wearied with his day's duties, retired to rest.

He was awakened from his sleep by what sounded like a fashionable double knock at the house-door. This was opened from within, and, to his infinite amazement, the clergyman heard footsteps, as of a large party, ascending the broad staircase, and passing along the lofty corridor assemble in the adjacent room, whence proceeded shouts of laughter and merriment of a boisterous description.

In the midst of all this a sudden lull took place.

Startled and surprised as he had at first been, he was yet more so when he heard the door of the room, from which the hilarity seemed to proceed, open and a footstep approach his own.

Stopping short at his door, the visitor knocked, and a voice said, "John Armstrong, open the door!"

This was repeated three times, and the startled clergyman not replying, the voice said, "John Armstrong! Open the door, *else it will be the worse for thee!*"

Now, as it will be recollected that the clergyman was quite a stranger in the neighborhood, and his name entirely unknown, the circumstance of his being thus addressed by his right designation enabled him at once to determine upon the supernatural character of his visitant.

Hastily dressing himself, and taking his Bible in his hand, he opened the door, and perceived a figure, attired as a footman, in handsome black livery, who said he had been desired by his master to invite the Reverend John Armstrong to join the feast.

The clergyman, on hearing this invitation, made a low bow in response, not so much, be it known, by way of courtesy or gratitude for the invitation, as to enable him the more accurately to ascertain the character of the inviter. It need scarcely be said that, on perceiving the cloven feet, which appeared in the place of patent-leather boots, no further doubt remained on his mind as to the quarter whence the invitation proceeded; he therefore bethought himself of politely declining it, on the ground of ill-health, but the servant urging his request, and threatening the anger of his master if the refusal was persisted in, the clergyman saw no alternative but compliance, and followed his guide along the corridor to the apartment where the feast was held, still grasping his Bible.

On entering the room, what was his astonishment at the splendid sight which now greeted him! A vast apartment, superbly lighted up and filled with people attired in brilliant costumes, seated at a table which was covered with all imaginable dainties!

On the entrance of the clergyman the gentleman at the head of the table rose and came forward to meet him, placing him in the seat of honor at his right hand.

There was one small circumstance, however, at which the master of the feast demurred, and this was nothing less than the entire uselessness, at such a time, of the little book which the visitor carried in his hand, and with which he resolutely refused to part.

Finding his efforts unavailing to induce the clergyman to lay aside his book, the host, addressing him by name, begged him, with a great show of politeness, to join in their festivity, and commence his meal.

On this, Mr. Armstrong, rising with great solemnity, and holding the Bible in his outstretched hand, amidst the yells, execrations, and threatening gestures of the entire assembly, said: "Lord! I have this day preached in Thy house, and have administered the bread and wine of Thy salvation, and am I come this night to eat with devils?"

While he said these startling words the lights faded away into darkness, and, amidst shrieks and howlings, the walls fell in with a crash, and the clergyman found himself among his friends of the morning congregation, no sign remaining of the feast or of the fiendish assembly.

This was the curious story, which would, in spite of all my efforts, now force itself upon my recollection; and in defiance of all I could do, it clung to me like Nessus's shirt!

Unless you know what it is to have been a victim in the solitude of night to the horrors of a perturbed imagination, you can have but a slight idea of the sufferings I underwent. My isolation, as it seemed, from all human kind—my perfect ignorance of the locality—and worse than all, the similarity of my sleeping-room and its approaches to the picture which my excited imagination had so vividly drawn in childhood of the scene of those diabolical revelries supposed to have been witnessed by John Armstrong—all conspired to work up my feelings to the highest pitch of terror and excitement.

And so I lay awake, tumbling and tossing; until, finding sleep totally impossible, I resolved on getting up, which I accordingly did.

The act of dressing in a great measure dispelled the nightmare-like feelings which clung to me in bed; but still I felt no disposition to return to my couch. The lights were yet burning, as I had intended they should throughout the night; and I sat down, having taken out my writing materials, and determined to shake off the influence which had been haunting me, by writing down the story which my reason assured me must be mere fiction, and could have had no existence in reality.

This, you will say, was a strange mode of endeavoring to pass away the night pleasantly; but, somehow, I fancied that if I could once get it out on paper, and shut it by in my port-folio, I should make a clean breast of it—lay the haunting spirit in the Red Sea of my blotting-book, and banish it altogether from my mind.

I had reached that point in my ghostly narrative at which Armstrong is startled by hearing a knock at the outer door, when—imagine my amazement! —I heard the echo, as it were, of that knock at the door of the house!—a succession of taps, as it seemed, made by the knuckles of a man.

So strongly was my mind imbued with the details of the strange story which I was writing down, that my first impression was that I should immediately hear the tramp of the diabolical visitant on the staircase, followed by the three taps at my door, summoning me to a ghastly festival prepared below!

I sat listening, while my blood froze in my veins.

A moment's attention convinced me that there were footsteps on the gravel walk outside the house; and now I heard for the first time, in the dead of the night, that peculiar sound which those who have heard it under similar circumstances can never forget—the whirling, crackling, crunching sound of a centre-bit, apparently conducted by a rapid and skillful hand!

It was curious to feel how instantaneously the ideal vanished before the actual. I knew immediately what I should now have to encounter, and my nerves were at once braced to meet the emergency.

Most gratefully did I acknowledge the *Providence* by which I had been *kept awake*, instead of being in that deep sleep which would have rendered me an easy prey to the burglar now about to attack me.

My first consideration was as to my means of defense, and the time which would be allowed me for completing them. I remembered with some degree of comfort that there were three heavy fastenings upon the outer door, and although I knew too well that each must yield in its turn to the irresistible implement of the housebreaker, I calculated that some minutes must elapse before he could succeed in gaining an entrance.

Suddenly the crashing sound ceased; and for a few seconds there was a dead silence, during which my vivid imagination represented to me, as distinctly as if I had been an actual spectator, the brawny arm of the burglar stealthily introduced, and the bolt in the process of being cautiously withdrawn. For a moment I thought of imitating a clever and successful expedient said to have been resorted to by a person similarly attacked, who quietly awaited the introduction of the housebreaker's hand through his kitchen window shutter, and being provided with a powerful cord, in which he had prepared a running noose, slipped it dextrously over the hand, tightened it rapidly at the wrist, and fastened it securely at the other end to the leg of the heavy kitchen table, leaving his visitor outside to enjoy the dawn and early morning air, while he quietly returned to bed to finish securely his night's repose. But a few moments' reflection convinced me that my best means of resistance were rather passive than active, and that I might more safely rely on them.

In the first place, I quickly ascertained that my room had two powerful bolts besides a heavy lock.

I had contented myself on going to bed with turning the key in the lock, but I now endeavored to shoot the upper and lower bolts; these I found very much rusted, but with the aid of a little Macassar oil I soon overcame their resistance.

While I was thus employed the work of the centre-bit was again resumed, and every movement of the housebreaker was again before me.

I now looked round me for some weapon that might serve me in case of need, and found a tolerably heavy poker, which satisfied me that I had something besides bolts to rely on.

My preparations for attack and defense being now completed, I coolly awaited the next step of the housebreaker, feeling something like a tortoise in his shell, or like Robinson Crusoe in his lonely citadel. A slight lowering of the flame of the candle from a current of air which rushed up the staircase and beneath my door, showed me that the burglar had effected his entrance: in another moment his footstep was on the broad staircase. He stepped with the caution of one proceeding on tiptoe, with the least possible noise, but having ascended three or four steps, there was an apparent halt.

I knew perfectly well what he was doing, and the measured creak of the staircase thenceforward alone gave notice of his approach with shoeless feet. In spite of my preparations, it is impossible to deny that my heart beat violently. I relied however upon this, namely, that the burglar being apparently alone, he would hesitate to attack a man whom he found awake and vigilant, and who, for aught he knew, might be prepared with fire-arms, or prove more than a match for himself in point of personal strength or courage; only upon the supposition of finding me asleep and unprepared could he have hoped to succeed in his attack.

The footsteps now drew nearer, and could be marked advancing along the passage. They came at last to a halt by my door, and, despite of my internal assurance that immediate personal attack upon me was impossible, I found myself irresistibly grasping my poker in unison with the grasp which the burglar cautiously made upon the handle of my door.

Finding, as he probably had anticipated, that my door was locked, he lost no time in commencing his operations, with a view of introducing himself into my apartment. The peculiar noise of the centre-bit recommenced, and the burglar no doubt thought all was going on prosperously for the execution of his nefarious project. I, however, felt that I could stand this no longer, and thought it high time to let him know that I was awake and on my guard. Rising from my seat, and stepping heavily across the floor, I shouted, in a gruff voice, "Halloa, you scoundrel! do you wish me to shoot you through the head? Be off! for, by Heaven! if that hand of yours makes its appearance inside my door you shall carry away a bloody stump!" The immediate withdrawal of the centre-bit, and the hurried retreat of my enemy, satisfied me of the success of my threat; and having heard the house-door closed, and the footsteps retreating through the garden, I betook myself to bed (where, strange to say, I forgot my ghost story), with the full conviction that I need apprehend no further attempt; and I slept soundly during the few hours still left me.

The hostler came to rouse me in the morning, bringing a fly for my conveyance to the inn.

When he found the entrance door unbolted, and the panels cut through in three places, he expected, I believe, to find my throat cut as a disagreeable *sequitur;* and was infinitely surprised as well as relieved to see me up and dressed, and in excellent health and spirits. I told him briefly how I had frustrated the burglar's attempt; and as he appeared much interested in the narrative, I accompanied him to the front door, where he examined with much attention the marks of the centre-bit with something of the air of a connoisseur admiring a beautiful picture or piece of sculpture.

"Ay, ay," said he at length, as if speaking to himself, "the man that cut them holes know'd how to handle the tool."

So strongly did this sentiment of admiration appear to operate upon his mind, that at the conclusion of our journey (during which I observed that he was driving very abstractedly, getting twice locked with passing carts, and narrowly evading the massacre of a whole drove of young pigs) he informed me that he had invented two lines of poetry on the occasion, which ran as follows:

"Whosomedever handled that there tool
Nobody oughtn't to call he a fool."

He was evidently extremely proud of this effusion, and much gratified at my assurance that I considered it a very remarkable piece of poetry.

The court opened at nine A.M., and previous to its opening I had much to do. Fresh witnesses on both sides had come up during the night—those on our own side it was necessary I should see before going into court. I had an appointment with counsel at eight. Altogether my head and hands were so full that I had no time to see my landlord and narrate to him my adventure.

Contrary to all expectation, the Water case could not be arranged, and was now to be heard before mine; but as it might still be settled at any moment, we were all, attorneys and witnesses, compelled to remain in court in case of such an event occurring, which indeed it did about mid-day, and until eight o'clock that evening was my every thought absorbed in the conduct and consideration of the cause in which I was engaged and which was now before the court.

At half-past eight the court rose, leaving nearly the half of my witnesses unexamined, one result of which was that I should be compelled to spend another night from home.

Having some misgivings as to passing the night again within the lonely house, I repaired at once to the hotel, and calling the landlord, related to him my adventure of the previous night, and expressed my unwillingness to spend the night again in the same quarters.

He had heard the story from the hostler, and appeared much excited about it. In conclusion, he requested me to venture there again, accompanied by himself and the superintendent of the county police, who was at that time staying at his hotel, who had heard the story, and thought he had a clew to the offender. To this I readily agreed, and in ten minutes the landlord, superintendent, and myself, with a variety of creature comforts supplied from the hotel, were on our way toward the solitary habitation.

As we passed through the streets of the town the superintendent caught sight of a policeman, to whom he beckoned, and who, after a few words with his superior which I did not hear, was admitted to fill the vacancy in our carriage. Arrived at the house, and the carriage dismissed, the superintendent, in company with myself and B 45—who, by-the-way, struck me as having an appearance of great stupidity—proceeded to reconnoitre the premises on the ground-floor. We found that the hostler had very judiciously employed a carpenter to repair in a rough way the damaged door.

The landlord, who was well acquainted with the premises, made the shrewd observation that the attempt must have been made by some one pretty conversant with the interior of the house, other-

wise, instead of effecting an entrance by the front door, he would have tried it at the back, which was of much less substantial materials and was more privately situated; the fact being that from long disuse the bolts of the back door were so completely rusted in as to be immovable.

All was quiet within the dwelling, and having made all secure below stairs, we ascended to my bedroom, where we intended to make a night of it.

It was chilly—we lighted a fire; the contents of the basket supplied by the landlord afforded, as we found, most luxurious means of gastronomic enjoyment, to say nothing of various long-necked bottles, which were apparently much admired by the policemen, who proved to be great adepts at drawing corks.

Our occupation in this way having at length come to an end, discourse began to flag; we sat round the fire in silence, a single remark from time to time alone proving that some of us were awake. As for me, in consequence of my previous night's disturbance and the day's fatigue, I could scarcely keep my eyes open.

Hour after hour of the night thus passed, and it was evident that we had all given up every idea of the attack upon me being renewed. The candles had burned out, but the policeman's lantern gave us sufficient light, added to the slight glimmering in the grate.

Suddenly, and indeed in the midst of a good story of his own with which he was endeavoring to keep us awake, the policeman stopped, like a hound who has struck a scent, and dropping on his knees, listened with his ear to the ground for a few seconds.

The superintendent watched him in silence; I did the same; and it was now that it struck me how strangely I had erred in applying in my own mind the epithet of stupidity to this man, as he suddenly flashed into his own element, the personification of keenness and intelligence.

"I'll tell you what, Sir," said the policeman, rising from the ground, "our man's in this room, or not far off; I can hear his breathing, and if I don't mistake, he has a dog with him."

Drawing a pistol from an inner pocket, the superintendent very quietly examined the cap, which he took off, and replaced by one which he fished up from his waistcoat pocket. The landlord, who was a resolute and powerful man, also drew forth a similar weapon, while I availed myself of my last night's resource, the poker, threw a handful of wood on the fire to create a blaze, and now, wide awake, awaited with much curiosity, and some anxiety, what would follow. The policeman's bludgeon completed our defenses.

It must here be observed that the room was papered with a representation of leaves and flowers in a strongly marked pattern. Taking the lantern in his hand, the policeman proceeded to make a close examination of the wall, which, by the application of his knuckles, he immediately ascertained to be hollow.

"We have a closet behind this, and must find the door," said he.

A rigid inspection shortly enabled us to do this, although it was concealed with great ingenuity, neither lock nor handle appearing; and the pattern of leaves and flowers being so disposed as to preclude the idea of any opening existing.

Aided by a knife from the supper-table, the superintendent threw open the door of the closet, which, as far as we could perceive, was untenanted. A deep, dark, hollow space, however, existed on both sides of the door, in the interior of the wall; and we felt that it was in one of these that we must now look for the object of our search. The superintendent was much excited, and disregarding a warning from B 45, stepped boldly within the door, lifting the lantern high above his head, so as to enable him to gaze into the dark interior.

At the same moment a shot was discharged from the recess, and the superintendent fell heavily to the ground.

I was nearest to him, and rushed to his succor: he was bleeding copiously from a wound in the thigh, and my efforts and attention were so absorbed in dragging him beyond the reach of his assailant, and afterward in endeavoring to stanch the blood by binding my handkerchief tightly round the limb, that I was unable to take any further part in endeavoring to capture the figure who now emerged from the closet, followed by a large white bull-dog. This dog was shot at once by our brave landlord. The man, a powerfully-built and truculent-looking fellow, made directly for the door, fighting his way among his enemies with great vigor and determination.

At length B 45, with a blow from his bludgeon, laid him prostrate. He was then secured and handcuffed, and subsequently marched off to the county jail. On searching him, a discharged pistol and a large clasp-knife were found on his person, and he was recognized as a criminal of a most ferocious character, who had been transported many years before for complicity in a heavy burglary, accompanied with arson, and attended with circumstances of great cruelty and atrocity.

He was known to have escaped, and suspected to be in the neighborhood, where he had relatives and connections; and as he had in his boyhood lived as groom in the very house where we captured him, we were at once satisfied as to the means by which he obtained so minute an acquaintance with the premises. A reward had been offered by Government for his apprehension. It was eventually discovered that he had for some time been lurking concealed in one of the cellars of this house, where he had been supplied at night with the necessaries of life by his friends, and that he had been locked out of his lair on my arrival; and he was doubtless the perpetrator of many mysterious robberies, which from time to time had been lately committed in the vicinity. He would probably have both robbed and murdered me on the previous night, had I been sound asleep, instead of recollecting, *providentially*, as I must always consider it, the school-boy story of John Armstrong, and his invitation to the diabolical entertainment.

The wounded superintendent happily recovered, and received from Government the reward promised for the apprehension of the felon. And as we frequently meet in the course of our professional avocations, we seldom fail to felicitate each other on the fortunate termination of our short acquaintance with the burglar, from whom I had been thus twice strangely and providentially rescued.

TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

Some men are never in a hurry. Nothing seems to flurry them—nothing disturbs their equanimity or ruffles their composure. Though danger threatens and moments are precious, they proceed on their course with a degree of tranquil deliberation that almost reaches the sublime. Whether they are sallying forth to catch the express train and have not a minute to spare, or are waiting for change for a sovereign at the Folkestone Hotel, and hear the melodious bell of the Boulogne steamer just beginning to ring—whether they have been privately warned to draw out their money from a joint-stock bank that intends to stop payment in three-quarters of an hour, or have accidentally swallowed an overdose of opium, and are implored by sympathizing friends to run full speed to the nearest surgeon before coma supervenes—it matters not, they are in no way hurried. They take the thing coolly, and, somehow or other, are always in time. The fact that they are always in time vindicates them from the charge of apathy, stupidity, or recklessness, and clothes them with a dignity which ordinary mortals look up to and admire, but can not hope to emulate. Other men catch express trains and keep special appointments, and, when stimulated by self-interest, seize time emphatically by the forelock. But then, what an amazing hurry they are in! What a bustle they make, and what a nuisance they are to long-suffering friends and neighbors!

The attitude and bearing of an average Paterfamilias starting with his family on a journey of pleasure or business illustrate this very distinctly. Watch in hand, he paces up and down the hall—now giving superfluous instructions to a bewildered foot-boy, who is striving with perseverance worthy of a better cause to cord a box with a rope a foot too short for the purpose—now, in a voice of querulous despair, shouting exhortations to "make haste" to the family in general—now kicking a favorite dog or cat into infinite space. Now, with a look of savage impatience, he settles the account of some unfortunate tradesman who had been promised payment a month ago, but, having been entirely forgotten, ventured to refresh the memory of Paterfamilias ere it was too late—now he tumbles bodily over the box and foot-boy with the velocity of an unsuccessful acrobat, and an expression of countenance alarming to witness—and finally he seats himself amidst a wilderness of trunks and portmanteaus, like Marius musing over the ruins of Carthage. Such, very often, is the behavior of an average Paterfamilias going a journey. He is in a prodigious bustle—he is in every body's way—he worries his estimable wife—he drives his daughters into a state of temporary frenzy—he arrives after all at the station, with three cabsful of family and luggage, half an hour too soon, but finds it rather lucky, inasmuch as in the hurry of departure he has left his purse on the dining-room table, and all his keys in his dressing-room drawer, and just has time to rush home again and fetch them.

The case of a man always in a hurry, but generally too late—always taking extra trouble, but usually coming to grief—always in a whirlwind of bustle, but commonly collapsing in an ignominious blunder—is the more distressing because it so often partakes of the ludicrous. The cool, methodical, self-possessed man, roused by an alarm of fire at the end of the street, tells his servant to wake him when the flames reach No. 30 (three doors off), and turns round to have another nap. So runs the old story. As a contrast, take the anecdote of the fussily nervous gentleman in "Leslie's Recollections," who kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack in which he could lower himself from his window in case of emergency. "Being suddenly awakened one night by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife, who had been at the opera, out of her carriage."

For business-like coolness, commend us to that wonderful Irish squire who, when his house was attacked, admitted his assailants—only a few dozen or so—one by one through the partially opened door, and calmly killed each of them with a kitchen-knife the moment the threshold was passed. Again, there is the veteran nobleman on Hounslow Heath. "I have you now, my lord," cries a highwayman, clapping a pistol to his lordship's breast, "after all your boasts no single man should rob you!" "Nor should he now, but for that other fellow peeping over your shoulder!" The highwayman turns, and his lordship blows his brains out. We were always sorry for that highwayman, and are not sure which of the two would have been the greater loss to society. But let that pass. Turn now to another contrast or two. A country clergyman, late one winter's evening, hears a tap at the window-shutter, and, excited by the recollection of a recent burglary and murder, seizes a pistol, rushes to the front door, opens it wildly, shuts his eyes, fires into the darkness, locks and bolts the door, and rushes back to the bosom of his family, little thinking that, instead of frightening a burglar, he has killed his housemaid's sweet-heart. Or take the case of the agitated old bachelor in a retired country residence, who, hearing a noise in the garden, sallies forth, taking one pistol himself, and giving another to the parlor-maid, with these emphatic instructions: "Mary, I go this way, you go that; and mind you shoot the first man you meet!" which man very naturally happens to be the luckless old bachelor himself.

An English tourist, taking an evening stroll near Naples, was hastily jostled by a stranger in a narrow path. Robberies were rife, and immediately afterward, on putting his hand to his pocket, he misses his watch. The watch is precious, the stranger an insignificant-looking man, why should the Englishman accept so impudent a robbery? Off he starts, overtakes the supposed thief, knocks him down, shouts "Watch! watch!" in very imperfect Italian, and severely beats him. The prostrate culprit hurriedly hands out the article demanded, and the Englishman stalks away, rejoicing to have recovered his property, and proud of the pluck he has displayed. On reaching his hotel, he enters his bedroom, and behold, there is his own watch quietly ticking on the chimney-piece! He has committed, all unconsciously, a flagrant highway robbery, and makes a precipitate flight from Naples to escape the clutches of the police. Some men in critical circumstances will exercise apparent self-possession curiously blended with utter distraction of mind. This may perhaps be explained by the supposition that the self-possession is mechanical, the mere result of habit, and not an act of the will in the usual sense of the word. Such a form of fictitious presence of mind may operate though courage be extinguished, and even reason suspended, by the shock of a sudden peril. The following is an authentic instance: A passenger fell overboard from a sailing-boat in deep water with a fresh breeze blowing. The boat was instantly put about, and the man swam toward it. He was nearly within reach of the outstretched hands of the crew when his hat blew off and floated away. The man coolly turned and swam after it, reached it with difficulty, fixed it firmly on his head, and once more breasted the waves in the direction of the boat. In a few minutes he was laid hold of, and safely hoisted on board. No sooner was he there than he thrust his hands into his pockets, and flung, first his purse, then his keys, into the sea, and was going to fling his watch when the sailors seized his hands. He was for the moment an irresponsible lunatic, and the calm determination not to lose his hat was probably a mere mechanical instinct.

Women often evince abundance of self-possession. In America passengers by railway are given metal checks, or counters, for each article of luggage, failing to produce which their luggage will not be returned to them. An English lady traveling in America with a quantity of luggage, felt her pocket picked in a railway carriage by a man sitting beside her, and her bunch of keys and luggage-checks abstracted. The lady feared to charge the man with the theft, he being the only passenger besides herself in the carriage, and held her peace until the train reached its destination. Then the instant the railway guard put his head into the carriage, and asked to see the luggage-checks, she quietly pointed to her companion, and said, "That gentleman has mine." The man, wholly taken aback, delivered them without a word, and the lady's luggage was saved. We like much the anecdote of the two ladies sketching on the sea-shore. "A monster in human form," to use newspaper phraseology, invaded the locality, and, stripping off his clothes, commenced disporting himself in the water exactly in front of the rock where they were sitting. The ladies neither screamed nor ran away, but tranquilly put up their drawing materials, and as soon as the intruder had swum out a convenient distance, seized the "monster's" wearing apparel, and carrying it off, left it at a farm-house two miles distant from the shore. But perhaps as good an instance of feminine *sang froid* as could be wished is that of the late Mrs. Burdock, hung for murdering an old lady at Bristol for the sake of her money. Mrs. Burdock, followed by the usual procession of clergyman, sheriff, and other officials, was proceeding to the place of execution outside the jail where she had been imprisoned. Suddenly the procession comes to a full stop. What is the matter? A slight drizzling rain is falling, and Mrs. Burdock declines to move an inch further without an umbrella. There is no help for it; clergyman and officials, hangman and mob, are kept waiting five minutes while one of the party hastens to the governor's house to borrow the required article, and shield Mrs. Burdock from the rain for the brief remainder of her existence. We remember an abortive case of presence of mind which rather provoked amusement. An elderly lady of strong mind, living in a picturesque but lonely cottage *orné* on the outskirts of the New Forest, sees to her horror three shipwrecked sailors, with the usual paraphernalia of rags, ghastly wounds, and formidable bludgeons, gazing attentively through her drawing-room window. "John—William—James!" exclaims the strong-minded lady, ringing the bell violently, and affecting to summon a regiment of able-bodied butlers and flunkies. "Ah, you needn't make a noise, ma'am," replied the spokesman of the agreeable little party on the lawn—"we've been round to the back, and there ain't such a thing as a man on the premises!" It would be unjust not to add that the visitors presently decamped, satisfied with a half-crown and a basketful of broken victuals.

"The more haste the worse speed." "Slow and sure wins the race." These are proverbs embodying valuable truth—the wisdom of many and the wit of one—oftener spoken than practiced. After all, however, much depends on the physical temperament. Of two men, one shall be cool and steady—in short, he shall have his wits about him—the other in a hopeless state of fluster. Yet for the one to rebuke the other would be as shabby as for the pilgrim with boiled pease to scoff at the limping gait of his less fortunate companion. The two are unequally matched. It is often a mere affair of the pulse. So many beats, more or less, make a man a fidgety ne'er-do-weel or a tranquil hero. No doubt the mental power and the earnest will are not to be ignored. They come distinctly into play, and modify or override man's natural tendencies and infirmities. No one is justified in resigning himself to a fussy temperament without a struggle. Self-respect and a due regard for the comfort of society should stimulate resistance and invite perseverance. Much can be done by forethought and preparation—by clearly realizing what you have undertaken to do, or what is likely to happen to you under given circumstances, and by laboring to acquire a habit of reasonable abstraction from matters unconnected with the business in hand. Yet the man who has not naturally a clear head, stolid nerves, and a pulse beating with the dogged equanimity of a kitchen clock, is heavily weighted for the race of life, and may claim generous consideration from the world at large. More especially may he claim it from those to whom kind nature has imparted the useful faculty of taking things coolly, in cloud or sunshine, in tempest or in calm.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well.
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For Death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long gone year.
Over yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me:
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

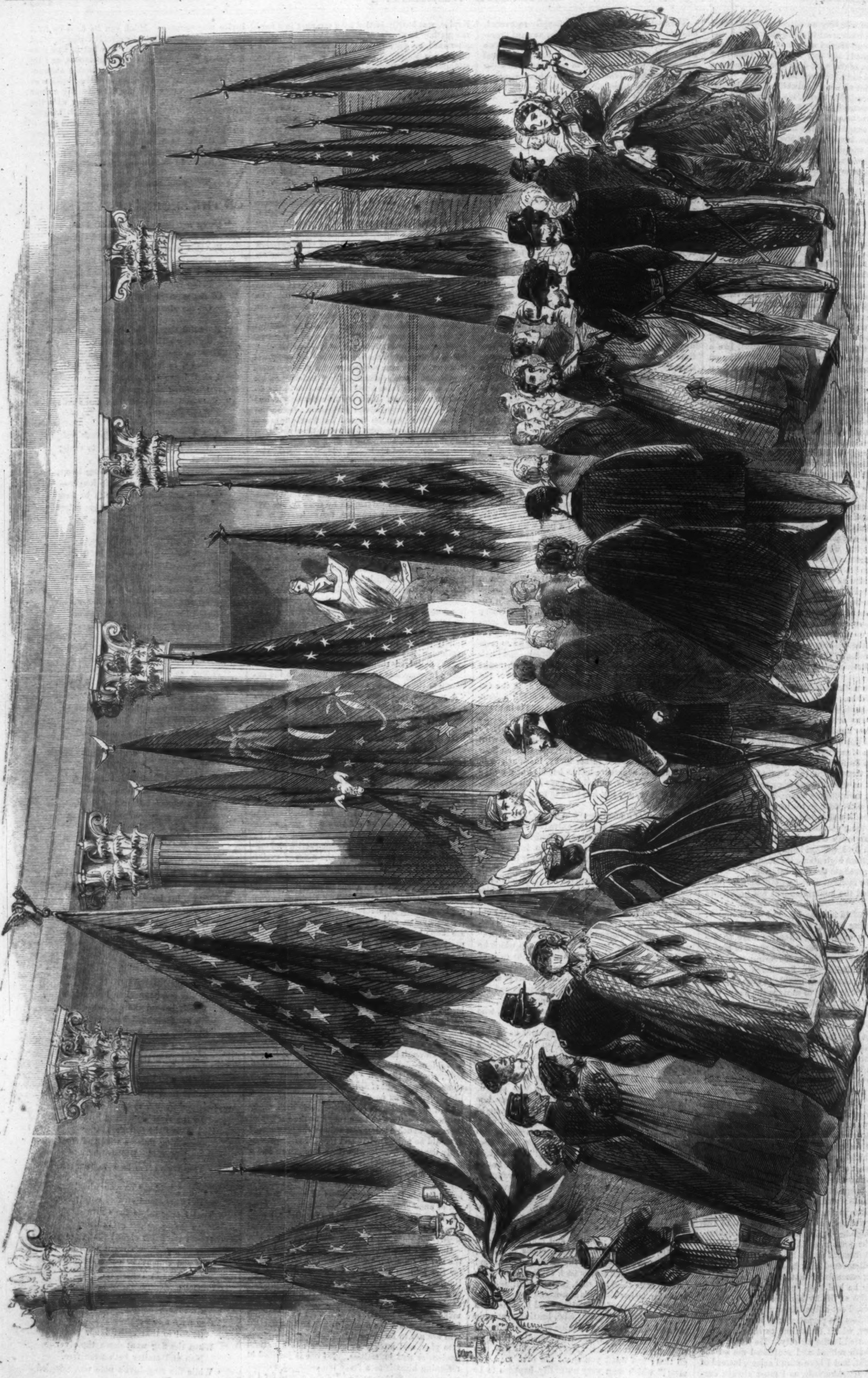
Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride.
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair.
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.

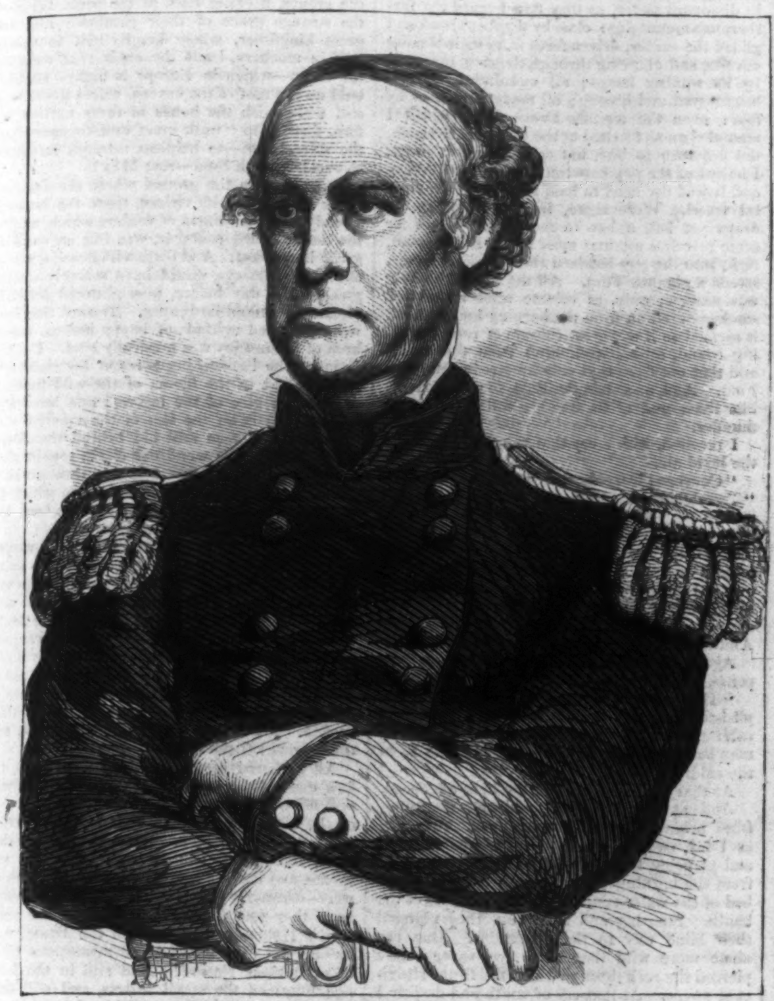
Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain-crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.



REBEL FLAGS IN THE OLD HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON.—[See Page 151.]



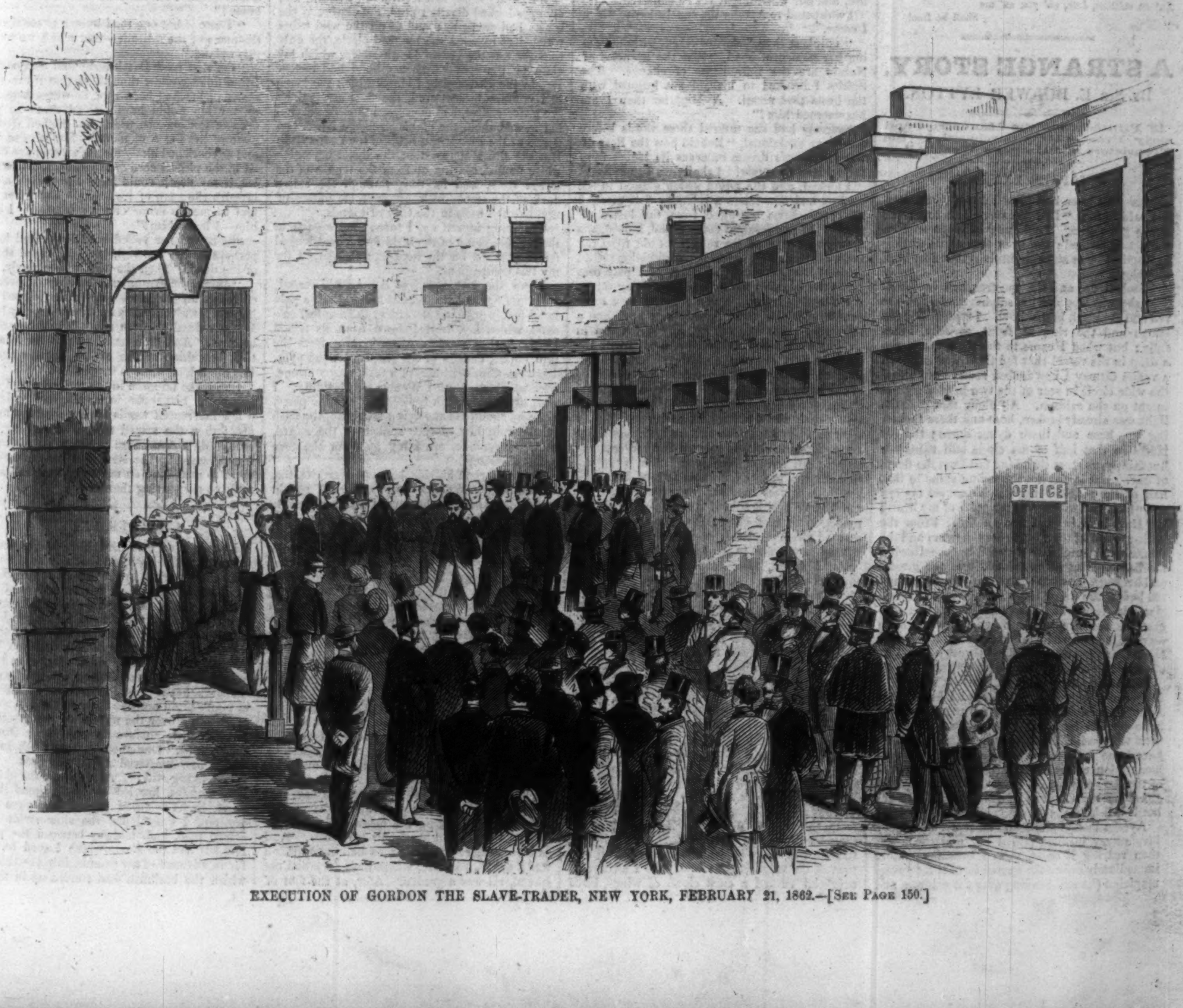
BRIGADIER-GENERAL CURTIS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARFIELD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY RIDER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

GENERAL CURTIS.

WE publish herewith a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL R. CURTIS, of Iowa, who has just defeated Price and M'Culloch on the Arkansas border.

General Curtis was born February 3, 1807, in Ohio; his family were from Connecticut. He was educated at West Point, and graduated there in 1831, entering the infantry. In 1832 he resigned his commission, studied law, and practiced for a while. In the course of a year or two he turned his attention to engineering, and became chief engineer of the Muskingum Works. At the outbreak of the Mexican War he volunteered, and accompanied General Taylor on his campaign, with the rank of Colonel. He was for a time Governor of Monterey, and of other places occupied by our troops; and developed in this rank remarkable administrative ability. On his return home he again divided his time between law and engineering, and took an active part in the construction of the railroads which have aided so prodigiously in the development of our Western States. He settled at Keokuk, Iowa, and was elected from thence to Congress in 1858, and again in 1860. He resigned his seat in the House to enter the army, and has for some time commanded a column in Missouri, under the orders of Gen. Halleck. He is now in chase of General Price's band of rebels, whom we learn he defeated on 19th ult. at Sugar Creek, on the Arkansas border.



EXECUTION OF GORDON THE SLAVE-TRADER, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

ENGLISH PATRIOTISM.

I have thought Johnny Bull a clever old soul,
Sensible, jolly, good-natured, and kind,
Quite crusty at times, but urbane on the whole,
In a word a hail-fellow much to my mind;
And I've thought, when I looked on his ponderous chest,
"My eyes! what a heart to fill out such a breast!"

But my notions of John are now sadly changed;
Past pledges of love it seems he's forgotten;
In my stern hour of need I find him estranged,
His vest, I perceive, is but padded with cotton!
His friendship burns low, like a wick in its socket,
And sunk is his heart in the depths of his pocket!

He still remains grumpy, and prates of his rights,
Of injury done to his commerce and trade;
That the civilized world never witnessed such sights
As that humbug of stone we call a blockade.
Aha! he is artfully playing his part,
But *I* know that cotton is nearest his heart.

With him 'tis a matter of dollars and cents,
Allurements of trade have upset his reason;
Yet he may gather more *pounds* than half-pence
In warding the blows intended for treason.
The venture in which he's so dizzily whirling,
May cost him far more than four millions sterling.

A SOUTH SIDE COLLOQUY.

DICK.

Come, ole Jule, if dis nigger was to die,
He neber saw de like how de women folks do cry!
When de cotton's all done pick'd,
An' de corn is all done rick'd,
Dere's a power o' bitter tears in your eye,
An' for why?

JULE.

Go 'way, Dick, you is allers poking fun,
De werry baddest nigger dat's 'mong de common run;
An' ye hasn't no more sense
Dan to grin dere on de fence
When dis bressed dear ole Souf is so press'd,
Lor' be bress'd!

DICK.

Ha-ha, Jule! 'tis de glory's comin' on,
An' de lickins an' de pickins da is all done gone;
An' de oberseer'll cry,
An' de massa'll wipe 'is eye,
But ole Dick'll be a tinking, as ye see,
Dat 'ee's free!

JULE.

Shut up, Dick! Lors, what heaps de niggers know,
What neber to de preachin' or de prayin' habe to go;
Where de Yankees is de talk,
How da makes de brack folks walk,
An' da sells 'em to de islands ob de sea—
Dat kills me!

DICK.

Lor' sakes, Jule! carn comprehen' dat ere,
How de white brevren shakes in dere stockings wid de fear
Dat in right little time
Dese niggers da will climb
Right up de tree o' freedom dat's so thick,
Da'll all stick!

Come now, Jule, bring de banjo to my han',
Dis nigger feel all ober jes' like 'ee was a man;
For de calaboose shall fall,
An' he'll not get up at all,
An' de chillens, Jule, an' you an' me
Shall be free!

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

The fifth hour had passed away, when Ayesha said to me, "Lo! the circle is fading; the lamps grow dim. Look now without fear on the space beyond; the eyes that appalled thee are again lost in air, as lightnings that fleet back into cloud."

I looked up, and the spectres had vanished. The sky was tinged with sulphureous hues, the red and the black intermixed. I replenished the lamps and the ring in front, thriftily, heedfully; but when I came to the sixth lamp, not a drop in the vessel that fed them was left. In a vague dismay I now looked round the half of the wide circle in rear of the two bended figures intent on the caldron. All along that disk the light was already broken, here and there flickering up, here and there dying down; the six lamps in that half of the circle still twinkled, but faintly, as stars shrinking fast from the dawn of day. But it was not the fading shine in that half of the magical ring which daunted my eye and quickened with terror the pulse of my heart; the Bush-land beyond was on fire. From the back-ground of the forest rose the flame and the smoke; the smoke there still half-smothering the flame. But along the width of the grasses and herbage, between the verge of the forest and the bed of the water creek just below the raised platform from which I beheld the dread conflagration, the fire was advancing; wave upon wave, clear and red against the columns of rock behind, as the rush of a flood through the mists of some Alp crowned with lightnings.

Roused from my stun at the first sight of a danger not foreseen by the mind I had steeled against far rarer portents of nature, I cared no more for the lamps and the circle. Hurrying back to Ayesha, I exclaimed, "The phantoms have gone from the spaces in front; but what incantation or spell can arrest the red march of the foe speeding on in the rear? While we gazed on the Caldron of Life, behind us, unheeded, behold the Destroyer!"

Ayesha looked and made no reply, but, as by involuntary instinct, bowed her majestic head, then rearing it erect, placed herself yet more immediately before the wasted form of the young magician (he still bending over the caldron, and hearing me not in the absorption and hope of his watch); placed herself before him, as the bird whose first care is her fledgeling.

As we two there stood, fronting the deluge of fire, we heard Margrave behind us, murmuring low, "See the bubbles of light, how they sparkle and dance—I shall live, I shall live!" And his words scarcely died on our ears before, crash upon crash, came the fall of the age-long trees in the forest; and nearer, all near us, through the blazing grasses, the hiss of the serpents, the scream of the birds, and the bellow and tramp of the herds plunging wild through the billowy red of their pastures.

Ayesha now wound her arms around Margrave, and wrenched him, reluctant and struggling, from his watch over the seething caldron. In rebuke of his angry exclamations, she pointed to the march of the fire, spoke in sorrowful tones a few words in her own language, and then, appealing to me in English, said:

"I tell him that here the Spirits who oppose us have summoned a foe that is deaf to my voice, and—"

"And," exclaimed Margrave, no longer with gasp and effort, but with the swell of a voice which drowned all the discords of terror and of agony sent forth from the Phlegethon burning below—"and this witch, whom I trusted, is a vile slave and impostor, more desiring my death than my life. She thinks that in life I should scorn and forsake her, that in death I should die in her arms! Sorceress, avaunt? Art thou useless and powerless now when I need thee most? Go! Let the world be one funereal pyre! What to *me* is the world if I perish? My world is my life. Thou knowest that my last hope is here, that all the strength left me this night will die down, like the lamps in the circle, unless the elixir restore it. Bold friend, drive that sorceress away. Hours yet ere those flames can assail us! A few minutes more, and life to your Lilian and me!"

Thus having said, Margrave turned from us, and cast into the caldron the last essence yet left in his emptied coffer.

Ayesha silently drew her black veil over her face, and turned, with the being she loved, from the terror he scorned, to share in the hope that he cherished.

Thus left alone, with my reason disenthralled, disenchanted, I surveyed more calmly the extent of the actual peril with which we were threatened, and the peril seemed less, so surveyed.

It is true all the Bush-land behind, almost up to the bed of the creek, was on fire; but the grasses through which the flame spread so rapidly ceased at the opposite marge of the creek. Watery pools were still, at intervals, left in the bed of the creek, shining tremulous, like waves of fire, in the glare reflected from the burning land; and even where the water failed, the stony course of the exhausted rivulet was a barrier against the march of the conflagration. Thus, unless the wind, now still, should rise, and waft some sparks to the parched combustible herbage immediately around us, we were saved from the fire, and our work might yet be achieved.

I whispered to Ayesha the conclusion to which I came.

"Thinkest thou," she answered, without raising her mournful head, "that the agencies of Nature are the movements of chance. The Spirits I invoked to his aid are leagued with the hosts that assail. A Mightier than I am has doomed him!"

Scarcely had she uttered these words before Margrave exclaimed, "Behold how the Rose of the alchemist's dream enlarges its bloom from the folds of its petals! I shall live, I shall live!"

I looked, and the liquid which glowed in the caldron had now taken a splendor that mocked all comparisons borrowed from the lustre of gems. In its prevalent color it had, indeed, the dazzle and flash of the ruby; but out from the mass of the molten red broke coruscations of all prismal hues, shooting, shifting, in a play that made the wavelets themselves seem living things sensible of their joy. No longer was there scum or film upon the surface; only ever and anon a light rosy vapor floating up, and quick lost in the haggard, heavy, sulphurous air, hot with the conflagration, rushing toward us from behind. And these coruscations formed on the surface of the molten ruby literally the shape of a Rose, its leaves made distinct in their outlines by sparks of emerald, and diamond, and sapphire.

Even while gazing on this animate liquid lustre a buoyant delight seemed infused into my senses; all terrors conceived before were annulled; the phantoms, whose armies had filled the wide spaces in front, were forgotten; the crash of the forest behind was unheard. In the reflection of that glory Margrave's wan cheek seemed already restored to the radiance it wore when I saw it first in the frame-work of bloom.

As I gazed, thus enchanted, a cold hand touched my own.

"Hush!" whispered Ayesha, from the black veil, against which the last rays from the caldron fell blunt, and absorbed into Dark. "Behind us the light of the circle is extinct, but there we are guarded from all save the brutal and soulless destroyers. But before!—but before!—see! two of the lamps have died out!—see the blank of the gap in the ring! Guard that breach—there the demons will enter!"

"Not a drop is there left in this vessel by which to replenish the lamps on the ring."

"Advance, then; thou hast still the light of the soul, and the demons may recoil before a soul that is dauntless and guiltless. If not, Three are lost!—as it is, One is doomed."

Thus adjured, silently, involuntarily, I passed from the Veiled Woman's side, over the sere lines on the turf which had been traced by the triangles of light long since extinguished, and toward the verge of the circle. As I advanced, overhead rushed a dark cloud of wings, birds dislodged from the forest on fire, and screaming, in dissonant terror, as they flew toward the furthermost mountains: close by my feet hissed and glided the snakes, driven forth from their blazing coverts, and glancing through the ring, unscared by its waning lamps; all undulating by me, bright-eyed and hissing; all made innocuous by fear: even the terrible Death-adder, which I trampled on as I halted at the verge of the circle, did not turn to bite, but crept harmless away. I halted at the gap between the two dead lamps, and bowed my head to look again into the crystal vessel. Were there, indeed, no lingering drops yet left, if but to recruit the lamps for some priceless minutes more? As I thus stood, right into the gap between the two dead lamps, strode a gigantic Foot. All the rest of the form was unseen; only, as volume after volume of smoke poured on from the burning land behind, it seemed as if one great column of vapor, eddying round, settled itself aloft from the circle, and that out from that column strode the giant Foot. And, as strode the Foot, so with it came, like the sound of its tread, a roll of muttered thunder.

I recoiled, with a cry that rang loud through the lurid air.

"Courage!" said the voice of Ayesha. "Trembling soul, yield not an inch to the demon!"

At the charm, the wonderful charm, in the tone of the Veiled Woman's voice, my will seemed to take a force more sublime than its own. I folded my arms on my breast, and stood as if rooted upon the spot, confronting the column of smoke and the stride of the giant Foot. And the Foot halted, mute.

Again, in the momentary hush of that suspense, I heard a voice—it was Margrave's.

"The last hour expires—the work is accomplished! Come! come!—aid me to take the caldron from the fire—and, quick! or a drop may be wasted in vapor, the Elixir of Life, from the caldron!"

At that cry I receded, and the Foot advanced.

And at that moment, suddenly, unawares, from behind, I was stricken down. Over me, as I lay, swept a whirlwind of trampling hoofs and glancing horns. The herds, in their flight from the burning pastures, had rushed over the bed of the water-course—scaled the slopes of the banks. Snorting and bellowing, they plunged their blind way to the mountains. One cry alone more wild than their own savage blare pierced the reek through which the Brute Hurricane swept. At that cry of wrath and despair I struggled to rise, again dashed to the earth by the hoofs and the horns. But was it the dream-like deceit of my reeling senses, or did I see that giant Foot stride past through the close-serried ranks of the maddening herds? Did I hear, distinct through all the huge uproar of animal terror, the roll of low thunder which followed the stride of that Foot?

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

When my sense had recovered its shock, and my eyes looked dizzily round, the charge of the beasts had swept by; and of all the wild tribes which had invaded the magical circle, the only lingerer was the brown Death-adder, which lay close by the spot where my head had rested. Beside the extinguished lamps which the hoofs had confusedly scattered, the fire, arrested by the water-course, had consumed the grasses that fed it, and there the plains stretched black and desert as the Phlegræan fields of the Poet's Hell. But the fire still raged in the forest beyond—white flames, soaring up from the trunks of the tallest trees, and forming, through the sullen dark of the smoke-reek, innumerable pillars of fire, like the halls in the City of Fiends.

Gathering myself up, I turned my eyes from the terrible pomp of the lurid forest, and looked fearfully down on the hoof-trampled sward for my two companions.

I saw the dark image of Ayesha still seated, still bending, as I had seen it last. I saw a pale hand feebly grasping the rim of the magical caldron, which lay, hurled down from its tripod by the rush of the beasts, yards away from the dim fading embers of the scattered wood pyre. I saw the faint writhings of a frail, wasted frame, over which the Veiled Woman was bending. I saw, as I moved with bruised limbs to the place, close by the lips of the dying magician, the flash of the ruby-like essence spilled on the sward, and, meteor-like, sparkling up from the torn tufts of herbage.

I now reached his side, bending over him, too, as the Veiled Woman bent; and as I sought gently to raise him, he turned his face, fiercely faltering out, "Touch me not, rob me not. *You* share with me! Never—never. These glorious drops are all mine! Die all else! I will live—I will live!" Writhing himself from my pitying arms, he plunged his face amidst the beautiful, playful flame of the essence, as if to lap the elixir with lips scorched back from its intolerable burning. Suddenly, with a low shriek, he fell back, his face upturned to mine, and on that face unmistakably reigned Death.

Then Ayesha tenderly, silently drew the young head to her lap, and it vanished from my sight behind her black veil.

I knelt beside her, murmuring some trite words of comfort; but she heeded me not, rocking herself to and fro as the mother who cradles a child to sleep. Soon the fast flickering sparkles of the lost elixir died out on the grass, and with their last sportive diamond-like tremble of light, up, in all the suddenness of Australian day, rose the sun, lifting itself royally above the mountain-tops, and fronting the meaner blaze of the forest as a young king fronts his rebels. And as there, where the bush fires had ravaged, all was a desert, so there, where their fury had not spread, all was a garden. Afar, at the foot of the mountains, the fugitive herds were grazing; the cranes, flocking back to the pools, renewed the strange grace of their gambols; and the great kingfisher, whose laugh, half in mirth, half in mockery, leads the choir that welcome the morn—which in Europe is night—alighted bold on the roof of the cavern, whose floors were still white with the bones of races extinct before, formed to "walk erect and to gaze upon the stars," rose—so helpless through instincts, so royal through Soul—rose Man!

But there, on the ground where the dazzling elixir had wasted its virtues, there the herbage already had a freshness of verdure which, amidst the duller sward round it, was like an oasis of green in a desert. And there wild flowers, whose chill hues the eye would have scarcely distinguished the day before, now glittered forth in blooms of unfamiliar beauty. Toward that spot were attracted myriads of happy insects, whose hum of intense joy was musically loud. But the form of the life-seeking sorcerer lay rigid and stark; blind to the bloom of the wild flowers, deaf to the glee of the insects; one hand still resting heavily on the rim of the emptied caldron, and the face still hid behind the Black Veil. What! the wondrous elixir, sought with such hope and well-nigh achieved through such dread, fleeting back to the earth from which its material was drawn, to give bloom, indeed, but to herbs—joy, indeed, but to insects!

And now in the flash of the sun slowly wound up the slopes that led to the circle the same barbaric procession which had sunk into the valley under the ray of the moon. The armed men came first, stalwart and tall, their vests brave with crimson and golden lace, their weapons gayly gleaming with holiday silver. After them, the Black Litter. As they came to the place, Ayesha, not raising her head, spoke to them in their own Eastern tongue. A wail was their answer. The armed men bounded forward, and the bearers left the litter.

All gathered round the dead form with the face concealed under the black veil; all knelt, and all wept. Far in the distance, at the foot of the blue mountains, a crowd of the savage natives had risen up as if from the earth; they stood motionless, leaning on their clubs and spears, and looking toward the spot on which we were—strangely thus brought into the landscape, as if they too, the wild dwellers on the verge which Humanity guards from the Brute, were among the mourners for the mysterious Child of mysterious Nature! And still in the herbage hummed the small insects, and still from the cavern laughed the great kingfisher. I said to Ayesha, "Farewell, your love mourns the dead; mine calls me to the living. You are now with your own people; they may console you; say if I can assist."

"There is no consolation for me! What mourner can be consoled if the dead die forever? Nothing for him is left but a grave; that grave shall be in the land where the song of Ayesha first lulled him to sleep! Thou assist me—thou—the wise man of Europe! From me ask assistance. What road wilt thou take to thy home?"

"There is but one road known to me through the maze of the solitude—that which we took to this upland."

"On that road Death lurks and awaits thee! Blind dupe, couldst thou think that if the grand secret of life had been won, he whose head rests on my lap would have yielded thee one petty drop of the essence which had filched from his store of life but a moment? Me, who so loved and so cherished him—me, he would have doomed to the pitiless cord of my servant, the Strangler, if my death could have lengthened a hair-breadth the span of his being. But what matters to me his crime or his madness? I loved him—I loved him!"

She bowed her veiled head lower and lower; perhaps, under the veil, her lips kissed the lips of the dead. Then she said, whisperingly,

"Juma, the Strangler, whose word never failed to his master, whose prey never slipped from his snare, waits thy step on the road to thy home! But thy death can not now profit the dead, the beloved. And thou hast had pity for him who took but thine aid to design thy destruction. His life is lost, thine is saved!"

She spoke no more in the tongue that I could interpret. She spoke, in the language unknown, a few murmured words to her swarthy attendants; then the armed men, still weeping, rose, and made a dumb sign to me to go with them. I understood by the sign that Ayesha had told them to guard me on my way; but she gave no reply to my parting thanks.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

I descended into the valley; the armed men followed. The path, on that side of the water-course not reached by the flames, wound through meadows still green, or amidst groves still unscathed. As a turning in the way brought in front of my sight the place I had left behind, I beheld the black litter creeping down the descent, with its curtains closed, and the Veiled Woman walking by its side. But soon the funeral procession was lost to my eyes, and the thoughts that it roused were erased. The waves in man's brain are like those of the sea, rushing on, rushing over the wrecks of the vessels that rode on their surface to sink, after storm, in their deeps. One thought cast forth into the future now mastered all in the past. "Was Lilian living still?" Absorbed in the gloom of that thought, hurried on by the goad that my heart, in its tortured impatience, gave to my footstep, I outstripped the slow stride of the armed men, and, midway between the place I had left and the home which I sped to, came, far in advance of my guards, into the thicket in which the bushmen had started up in my path

on the night that Lilian had watched for my coming. The earth at my feet was rife with creeping plants and many-colored flowers, the sky overhead was half hid by motionless pines. Suddenly, whether crawling out from the herbage or dropping down from the trees, by my side stood the white-robed and skeleton form—Ayesha's attendant, the Strangler.

I sprang from him in shuddering, then halted and faced him. The hideous creature crept toward me, cringing and fawning, making signs of humble good-will and servile obeisance. Again I recoiled—wrathfully, loathingly; turned my face homeward and fled on. I thought I had baffled his chase, when, just at the mouth of the thicket, he dropped from a bough in my path close behind me. Before I could turn, some dark muffling substance fell between my sight and the sun, and I felt a fierce strain at my throat. But the words of Ayesha had warned me; with one rapid hand I seized the noose before it could tighten too closely, with the other I tore the bandage away from my eyes, and, wheeling round on the dastardly foe, struck him down with one spurn of my foot. His hand, as he fell, relaxed its hold on the noose; I freed my throat from the knot, and sprang from the copse into the broad sunlit plain. I saw no more of the armed men or the Strangler. Panting and breathless I paused at last before the fence, fragrant with blossoms, that divided my home from the solitude.

The windows of Lilian's room were darkened—all within the house seemed still.

Darkened and silenced Home! with the light and sounds of the jocund day all around it. Was there yet Hope in the Universe for me? All to which I had trusted Hope, had broken down; the anchors I had forged for her hold in the beds of the ocean, her stay from the drifts of the storm, had snapped like the reeds which pierce the side that leans on the barb of their points and confides in the strength of their stems. No hope in the baffled resources of recognized knowledge! No hope in the daring adventures of Mind into regions unknown; vain alike the calm lore of the practiced physician and the magical arts of the fated Enchanter! I had fled from the commonplace teachings of Nature to explore in her Shadow-land marvels at variance with reason. Made brave by the grandeur of love I had opposed without quailing the stride of the Demon, and my hope, when fruition seemed nearest, had been trodden into dust by the hoofs of the beast! And yet, all the while I had scorned, as a dream more wild than the word of a sorcerer, the hope that the old man and child, the wise and the ignorant, took from their souls as inborn! Man and fiend had alike failed a Mind not ignoble, not skilless, not abjectly craven; alike failed a heart not feeble and selfish, not dead to the hero's devotion, willing to shed every drop of its blood for a something more dear than an animal's life for itself! What remained—what remained for man's hope?—man's mind and man's heart thus exhausting their all with no other result but despair? What remained but the mystery of mysteries, so clear to the sunrise of childhood, the sunset of age, only dimmed by the clouds which collect round the noon of our manhood? Where yet was Hope found? In the soul; in its everyday impulse to supplicate comfort and light, from the Giver of soul, wherever the heart is afflicted the mind is obscured.

Then the words of Ayesha rushed over me: "What mourner can be consoled if the Dead die forever?" Through every pulse of my frame throbbed that dread question. All Nature around seemed to murmur it. And suddenly, as by a flash from Heaven, the grand truth in Faber's grand reasoning shone on me, and lighted up all within and without. Man alone, of all earthly creatures, asks, "Can the Dead die forever?" and the instinct that urges the question itself is God's answer to man! No instinct is given in vain.

And born with the instinct of soul is the instinct that leads the soul from the seen to the unseen, from time to eternity, from the torrent that foams toward the Ocean of Death to the source of its stream, far aloft from the Ocean.

"Know thyself," said the Pythian of old. "That precept descended from Heaven." Know thyself! is that maxim wise? If so, know thy soul. But never yet did man come to the thorough conviction of soul but what he acknowledged the sovereign necessity of prayer. In my awe, in my rapture, all my thoughts seemed enlarged and illumed and exalted. I prayed—all my soul seemed one prayer. All my past, with its pride and presumption and folly, grew distinct as the form of a penitent kneeling for pardon before setting forth on the pilgrimage vowed to a shrine. And sure now, in the deeps of a soul first revealed to myself, that the Dead do not die forever, my human love soared beyond its brief trial of terror and sorrow. Daring not to ask from Heaven's wisdom that Lilian, for my sake, might not yet pass away from the earth, I prayed that my soul might be fitted to bear with submission whatever my Maker might ordain. And, if surviving her, without whom no beam from yon material sun could ever warm into joy my life's long, but my soul's short To-Morrow, so to guide my steps that they might rejoin her at last, and, in rejoining, regain forever!

As I raised my face from my clasped hands my eyes fell full upon a form standing in the open door-way. There, where on the night in which Lilian's long struggle for reason and life had begun, the Luminous Shadow had been beheld in the doubtful light of a dying moon and a yet hazy dawn—there, on the threshold, gathering round her bright locks the aureole of the glorious sun, stood Amy, the blessed child! And as I gazed, drawing nearer and nearer to the silenced house, and that Image of Peace on its threshold, I felt that Hope met me at the door—Hope in the child's steadfast eyes—Hope in the child's welcoming smile!

"I was at watch for you," whispered Amy. "All is well!"

"She lives still—she lives! Thank God—thank God!"

"She lives—she will recover!" said another voice, as my head sunk on Faber's shoulder. "For some hours in the night her sleep was disturbed—convulsed. I feared then the worst. Suddenly, just before the dawn, she called out aloud, still in sleep,

"'The cold and dark shadow has passed away from me and from Allen—passed away from us both forever!'

"And from that moment the fever left her; the breathing became soft, the pulse steady, and the color stole gradually back to her cheek. The crisis is past. Nature's benign Disposer has permitted Nature to restore your life's gentle partner, heart to heart, mind to mind—"

"And soul to soul!" I cried, in my solemn joy. "Above as below, soul to soul!" Then, at a sign from Faber, the Child took me by the hand and led me up the stairs into Lilian's room. Again those dear arms closed round me in wife-like and holy love, and those true lips kissed away my tears—even as now, at the distance of years from that happy morn, while I write the last words of this Strange Story, the same faithful arms close around me, the same tender lips kiss away my tears.

THE END.

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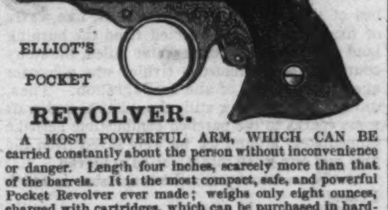

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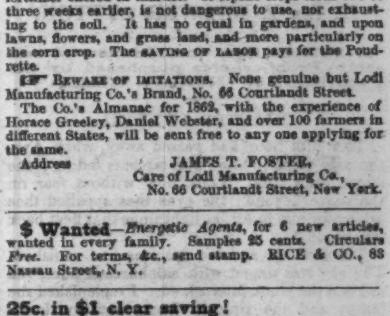

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